OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 6.

[FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.]

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

The Village Belle! I knew her well,
She seemed an angel bright;
Her eyes were like two burning orbs,
That swam in seas of light.
Her lips like blushing cherries were,
And seemed surcharged with bliss;
The zephyrs woo'd her amber hair,
And life was in her kiss.

I loved her—so did every one
Who could a heart bestow;
But, like the ice-drop in the sun,
She coldly caught the glow.

A gentle scorn sat on her brow,
When proud ones bent the knee;
And she would laugh at every vow
They utter'd fervently.

The wealthy humbly sought her hand,
But she was still the same;
Her heart was in a foreign land
With one she dared not name.
Yet, yet she was a thing of light,
Her glances seemed to tell
To every one to own her might—
She was the Village Belle!

Baltimore, March 20, 1836. J. H. H.

Theatrical Items from our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1836.

Mdlle. CELESTE commenced an engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on Wednesday, March 9th, on her return from New Orleans. The houses have been crowded on every night of her engagement—her Benefit on Monday, 13th, was a complete overflow, many hundreds leaving the house who could not gain admission. The receipts were upwards of twelve hundred dollars, the greatest amount ever taken in this city. She is re-engaged and remains here for another week.

In New Orleans, at Caldwell's Theatre, the gross receipts of Celeste's Benefit were $3,300. At the French Theatre in the same city, the receipts of her Benefit were $1850. Mr. Davis, the manager, also presented the fair *danseuse* with a magnificent suit of jewels. She is re-engaged to play at the St. Charles st. Theatre, with Caldwell, 1st Monday of March, 1837; and with Ludlow & Smith, Mobile, on the 18th of February preceding. Her engagement in New York commences on the 18th of April, for three weeks, when she will produce a new Drama never played in America, entitled the *Indian Lovers.* The play is more interesting than melo-dramas commonly are, and abounds with very beautiful music composed by Hughes.

Celeste's last arrival in the United States was in November, 1834—since that time, a period of 15 months, she has received from the different managers no less a sum than $84,530. Her engagements in New Orleans alone cleared her $18,000, and in the comparatively small town of Mobile, in 12 nights, she cleared upwards of $4000—she sails for England on the 1st of June, and returns thence in September, with an assortment of new pieces that are now preparing for her in London and Paris. On her return she will play one farewell engagement in each city in this country, previous to her final retirement into the shades of domestic life.

FRIMBLEY, the living statute, who was shot in a duel by SPENCER at New Orleans, died on the third day after. Mrs. F. who was the cause of the duel, *is since married to Spencer.*

BOOTH played two farewell engagements in Washington in the month of February, which however were not concluded without his usual attacks of eccentricity, and mental aberation; in one of them, at the time he ought to have been acting at the National Theatre, he was found out at Bladensburg. A gentleman who knew him took him into his house and gave him a bed, but at midnight, he contrived to escape the vigilance of the servants, who were alarmed by hearing his voice in the stable yard, where they found him disrobed, enacting *King Lear*, in a heavy storm of snow, "mid the war of the elements." On another occasion, after wandering all night, he was found about two miles from the city, by people going to market in the morning, lying in the road completely senseless. He was removed to the city, where the unremitting attention of his medical adviser, (who considered his case so critical as to require his attendance by his bedside for 24 hours) at length enabled him to leave the city for Baltimore, where his family at present reside.

PALMER's Equestrian Company is playing with great success at Norfolk, producing horse pieces. Kelsey, a most talented but * * * * * * actor, leads the business.

There are two theatres now open in Charleston, S. C. One under the management of Mr. HART, the other under that of Mr. PRESTON—both are losing concerns. The WATSONS are expected at Washington to succeed Celeste.

Gen. MACOMB's play of *Pontiac* has been produced and failed. It has many good points in it, but the style was generally objectionable. That does not detract from Mr. Maywood's deserts for his encouragement to the National Drama. Mr. CUSTIS has a new play called *Montgomery*, founded on the Scottish Legend, ready for the stage.

THE WOODS' IN BOSTON.

The Woods are gone—it is over now, the opera and the uproar. One may think in prose, and talk without modulating his voice to a recitative; in a word, be sane without being unfashionable. Some there are still, however, in whose heads the clear notes of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and the thorough bass of Mr. Brough have not yet done reverberating. My friend, Theodore Chromatic, is one of the affected.

I lost sight of him, one day during the theatrical visit of the Woods, at ten o'clock, A.M., pursued all day, without overtaking, and at night caught a glimpse of him going into the Tremont Theatre. I followed, as soon as I could, by pressing in; purchased a ticket, and found the head of Theodore Chromatic framed in one of the apertures in the box doors, affording the audience inside, a living portrait with fixed eyes. I touched him on the shoulder—

"Is it cashed?"

"No, it's Brough."

Dollars and cents—there was an answer! The fact is, he and I are both of this world, and who in the world does not want money? We had made a note; he was to get it negotiated between ten and two; two P.M., is a witching time on 'change. I lost sight of him, as I said before, and looked in vain. At forty-five minutes past one, desperate—furious, I commenced shinning, and saved my credit at the bank by the skin of my conscience—my *nominal* credit I mean. The tellers and two or three of the directors looked awful hard and inquiringly at the big drops of sweat on my temples in January. The fruits of that sweat who can guess?

To return to Theodore. I touched him again. He put back his arm, beating time as he deprecated interruption; but I persevered. "About that note?"

"It is certainly as low as E."

Clap—thump—hurra! Theodore Chromatic smashed a pannel of the box-door. The first act finished, I again pushed up to my friend. "I must say you're a charming—"

"Charming! delightful!" Taking a cue away he went—

"'As I view now these scenes so charming,
With dear remembrance my heart warming,
Of days long vanished—O, my heart is filled with pain—'"

"So are my boots," said I; "both my feet ache; I've run—"

"RUN! I've run and fought too, like a handcartman. Took me two hours to get a ticket, and now I'm in number forty-three."

"But about business—"

"Business! she does it delightfully. Mrs. Wood understands stage business—every thing—actress and songstress; there goes the act drop."

Theodore rigged his head in at the window again, and I fell back, determined to watch and catch the first lucid interval.

Such an interval did not occur that evening. I sat out the opera in the slips, made myself as philosophically content as I could; more than content, I was delighted, but not to insanity.

The next morning I was at my friend's store betimes. I had a check to make good at ten.

"Theodore, I should hate to be so crazy as you are. You forget your business—"

"O no—"

"And your debts—"

"O no—

'Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my griefs revealing,
That I owe them—that I owe them still,'"

"Such a medley as your head! Notes, business and music, mixed—"

"Phoh! fudge!" And he assumed an attitude—

"'Ah! don't mingle one human feeling!'"

"Why, this is worse than—"

"Don't mention it!

'We will form a *heaven* of love;
We will form a he-a-e-a-e—'"

Here my friend got lost among the high notes. Somebody in the street bellowed "Fire!"

"Where is it?" said Theodore, running to the door.

"Why, you cried first," said the man of whom he asked.

"I'll be hanged if I did!"

The evening papers chronicled a false alarm.

* * * * * * *

I dined with Theodore by invitation. As I stood at the door, after touching the bell, I heard a racket, a rolling and a tumbling down stairs. Something broke the glass I looked through, in my face. I opened the door, and a heap of mortality at the foot of the flight assumed the likeness, and rose to the altitude, of my friend, Theodore Chromatic. I picked up a dish-cloth; Chromatic snatched it from my hand, and ran up stairs, singing,

"'To whom belonging?—to whom belonging?'"

"In the name of common sense, Theodore, what does this mean?"

"O, nothing; only I've been rehearsing."

"Rehearsing?"

"Yes; the kiss at the end of the first act of La Sonnambula. Mother B——'s cook played Amina to my Elvino, and the old lady was Brough."

"Rough, if I might judge."

"Good! I owe you one. Brough, rough, Count Rodolpho. She parted us."

"So I saw."

During dinner, the presence of some twenty ladies and gentlemen, kept Theodore's music *sotto voce.* "Take heed, whisper low," he sang to me from Masaniello, as the landlady sailed into the room behind the last dish, rosy with ire and steam, and fluttering in a dinner dress hastily put on. She looked carving knives at him, as she took her place.

"'With hair loose streaming, and eyes bright beaming,
O, then it comes upon our fears,'"

sung the incurable, as a potato fell in his lap from a plate she thrust into his hand.

Dinner, and the discussion of its solids, kept him quieter than I had hoped; but all mouths started agape with astonishment, as he rose from the table and struck

"'If it's permitted, my *sweet* hostess, I would now retire,'"

with a malicious emphasis on the sweet.

"You are certainly drunk!" said I.

"No, but I mean to be doubtfully," said he, as he closed and fastened his room door, and produced glasses and a bottle of wine. A quick, hasty footstep on the stairs, a tap on the door. No answer. She commenced forcing it.

"'It shakes now, it breaks now!
Ah, Heaven!'"

Away the latch flew.

"Mr. Chromatic, I won't put up with such doings in my house, that I won't. You shall make an apology."

"'Ah! can you doubt me?'"

"Mr. Chromatic, I won't be made a scandal of—I won't; I—"

"Now, don't be jealous, Mrs. B.——, because I kissed the cook—

"'Still I can kiss *thee*—but ah! thou art sadly withered!'"

"No I aint withered neither, you insulting puppy; but I'll turn you out of the house, I will! You don't go to bed no night till morning—"

"O yes, I was in last night at eleven."

"Well, you kept a racket and a noise in the chamber all night."

"'There are persons, who, while sleeping,
Still, like day, their vigils keeping,
Wandering, dreaming, speaking, smiling,
Though in sleep their sense beguiling—
Somnambulists they are named, it seems,
From their walking while n their dreams.'"

"Withered!" muttered Mrs. B——, with a hitch of her shoulders, and a peep in the glass.

"Yes," warbled Chromatic—

"'Yes, for thee time's sad power
Thy beauties have withered, sweet flower.'"

I dodged involuntarily, as the widow approached us, fairly frantic. Hers was no *acting*. Chromatic seized a chair to defend himself.

"'Go! guilty traitress!'"

"I'm *not* guilty!" screamed the widow.

"Why, mother, you're perfect in your part!

'Now avoid me—now away!'

Glorious finale—first rehearsal,

"'We disdain thee, and with reason!'"

"Better pay your board, then!"

"And increase your board, then! Original! Capital! Duetto, Impro—Improvis—give us the Italian!"

"Hear me!" shrieked the landlady.

"More of the author? why you certainly are perfect?" said Chromatic, in ecstasy.

"'Ah! pray hear her:
She will not, I'm sure, deceive you.'"

said I, laughing.

"You quoting, too? Well, I will hear her. What have you to say, mother?"

"Why," sobbed the landlady, "a-bu-busing, heh-eh, heh-eh—it is cruel!"

"More of the author!"

"Chromatic," said I.

"'See there!
By thy treatment she will die—
Forbear!'"

"It is too bad, Mrs. B——."

"Heh-eh, heh-eh!"

"Any apology I can make—"

"Heh-eh, heh-eh!"

"I will."

We managed to make her understand, and Chromatic was pardoned, on promise of future good behaviour. All this, however, did not prevent him from singing in a cracked voice Amina's solo.

"'Ah! embrace me—'"

Mrs. B—— gave him a demi-scowl.

"'While thus forgiving,
'Each a pardon thus receiving—'"

"On conditions, recollect, Mr. Chromatic," said the widow, as she left the room.

"'On the earth, while we are living,
We will form a Hea—'"

"Take care, Theodore, you've created one alarm of fire to-day!"

"I am mute!" [Weld's Corrected Proofs.

John Reeve is doing wonders at Philadelphia; or, as Mr. Tyrone Power has prettily termed it—

From *filling* the *Adelphi here,*
John's gone to *Fill-adelphi there.*

The same worthy remarked that Jack's engagement was but a poor one, much as had been said of it. "How so (said a green-room gossiper), every one agrees the sum he will receive is immense?" "It may be so (replied the Impressionist), but nobody can deny his articles were entered into *under price.*" [London Age.

FIESCHIANA.

Some of the remarks made by Fieschi the assassin during his trial, have struck certain friends of ours as being worthy of selection. Imprimis:—

"It appears that Collet slid a piece of money into *my hand;* when I felt in my pocket and found it there, I said that Collet had played me a trick."

Lord Teynham's compliments to the AGE, and begs to say that he will allow any one to play such *tricks* with him with the most perfect impunity.

"Pepin says, that we could not have breakfasted twice. My reply is, that we ate something early in the morning, and afterwards breakfasted."

The act of eating something the first thing in the morning constitutes the breaking of one's fast. It is an incontrovertible fact in natural and physical philosophy, that no one can break his fast twice in the same day; *ergo*, Fieschi could not have breakfasted after having admitted the fact of previous grubbery.

DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

P.S.—On more mature consideration, and now that I have my spectacles on, I give it as my philosophical opinion that he might have *broke his fast* Anglice, and afterwards have had a *dejeuner à la fourchette* Gallice. D. L.

"Boireau came on one occasion to see me at No. 50, Boulevard du Temple; but at that moment I was conversing with my mistress, and I did not let Boireau enter my room. Love will not permit the entrance of a third person."

Lady Morgan begs to say, that it is a pity the man who made so sensible a remark should stand so strong a chance of having his head cut off.—The Swiss Giantess "is agree vid mi ladi."

"FIESCHI.—When people are romancing, I don't pay much attention."

Knowing cove, this 'ere chap! A werry sound hopsurwation!—onkimmin so!—no mistake. That 'ere's the reason vy I allus goes to sleep ven Lord John Russle and Daniel O'Connle rises to speak. J. GULLY, ✕ his mark.

London Age.]

MISCHIEVOUS HOAX.—Mme. W——, a rich and handsome foreign lady, distinguished for her sumptuous entertainments, has just been made the subject of a *hoax*. On Saturday, she was to have given a splendid ball. Four hundred cards were sent out, and every preparation made to render the scene brilliant and charming. The rooms were lighted, and the hostess was prepared to receive her guests. Hour after hour passed away in anxious expectation. Midnight came, and yet not a single visitor appeared. The mind of Mme. W—— was lost in astonishment and anxiety; every conjecture as to the cause of this extraordinary desertion being by turns weighed and rejected. At length, the only thing to be done was to extinguish the thousand lights, dismiss the attendants, and retire to bed, leaving the *éclaircissement* till the morrow. The morrow came, and brought hundreds of cards with inquiries after the health of the disappointed lady. On further investigation, it was found that some wicked wag, or disappointed exquisite, who had not received an invitation, having obtained a list of those who had, sent on Saturday morning notes round to all, announcing that Mme. W——, having been taken suddenly ill, was unable to receive her friends in the evening.

French Paper.

HORRIBLE PROFLIGACY.—On Monday evening, a superior officer of one of the regiments in garrison at Paris, left home, after dining with his wife and her brother, to go to M. Thiers' ball. On his way, he was so tormented with the remembrance of some hints that had been given him of incestuous intercourse being carried on by the parties he had left behind him, that he returned to his residence. He entered softly, and, on looking through the key hole, found his wife and his brother-in-law in such a situation as left no doubt of their guilt. Seizing a pair of loaded pistols, he rushed into the room, and fired at the paramour, but missed him. The latter, however, fell on the floor, and the husband then beat him about the head with the butt-end of the pistol. He next fired the other pistol at his wife, but the brother having pushed his arm aside, she merely received a wound in the arm, which is not dangerous. The brother, covered with blood, succeeded in escaping, by knocking over every thing that came in his way. A commissary of police, sent for by the husband, drew up minutes of the affair. The effrontery of the woman may be conceived, when it is stated that, on being reproached for her conduct, she replied—"'Tis in vain for you to do any thing, for nothing in the world shall prevent our living together." The faithful wife is 25 years of age, and her brother only 20. [Galignani's Messenger.

"*Vell, vot of it?*"—Whitlock, corner of Orange and Chatham strees has just published a very fine Lithograph of Mr. JOHN SEFTON, of the Frauklin Theatre, in his popular character of "Jemmy Twitcher." The artist has given Jemmy's likeness to a T. and Sefton's legion of friends ought all to purchase a copy.

NIMROD'S NORTHERN TOUR

——"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—Virgil.

"When Time, who steals our hours away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."—Moore.

The following day—Wednesday 19th—Lord Elcho's fixture was Paxton-house, the seat of Torman Hume, Esq., who entertained a large party of sportsmen at dinner on the preceding day, and from whom I had received a polite invitation to breakfast on the Wednesday. Paxton is one of the finest houses in Berwickshire, containing a splendid collection of paintings: it is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed, and in the neighborhood of a handsome suspension bridge, which, together with a beautiful reach in the river, is visible from the windows of the mansion. The road from Berwick to Kelso passes over this bridge, which was designed and executed by Captain Brown, R. N., and is said to be the finest bridge of this description as yet erected in the North, being wide enough for two carriages to travel abreast, and with plenty of room for foot passengers.

There was something bordering upon phenomenon in the state of the atmosphere on this morning, it being nearly as hot as in the dog-days. At all events, I never witnessed any thing like it before, as regarded its effects on horses—particularly on those in the plough-teams, which smoked, when they came to turn upon the headlands, like coach-horses at the end of their stage in a frost. The heat was also much felt by the gentlemen who rode fast to cover; and Lord Eglinton declared he had more taken out of him in riding Paul Pry to Paxton, only about ten miles, than by the fine run of the preceding day. Paul was nearly the best cocktail racer in the North, and won several times, jockied by his lordship. He is, however, one of the most violent horses I ever saw.

Fortunately for ourselves—but more so for our horses—we had not much to do on this extraordinary day. We did not find at Paxton; so trotted away to Broom-dykes, in hopes of meeting with the fox which had given us the good hour's sport of which I have before spoken, but he was not at home. We found a short running, dodging gentleman, that required a better scent than the early part of the forenoon afforded to do any thing with, in addition to the hounds being much pressed by the horsemen, and I was pleased that it was so; and for these reasons: The country we went over was excessively deep and strong fenced; and the mare I rode, the property of Mr. Maxwell, appeared to me too high in condition for a quick thing, over plough, on a hot day. But I afterwards learned from her owner—who was absent at Edinburgh on this day—that my fears were groundless, and that such was the hardiness of her nature, that, upon the hard-meat system, it was impossible to draw her finer. She was certainly the fattest hunter, in strong work, that I ever remember to have seen, and one of the best fencers.

As the day wore away, the temperature of the air became lower, and we had a splitter in the afternoon that would have satisfied Lord M'Donald for pace. We found our fox in the plantations inside Lady Kirk-park; and he put his head straight for the Hirsel, a cover of the duke's, just five miles distant, which five miles were travelled over in somewhat about three times as many minutes. In fact, I am at a loss to name a quicker thing for the last twenty years: so fast, indeed, that with the exception of the first whipper-in, who was outside the park when the fox slipped away, no one man lived with the hounds. Sir David Baird and Mr. M'Kenzie Grieve caught them just as they entered the Hirsel, where, as the Duke was to meet there on the morrow, they were of course immediately stopped. The country was sound, with large fields and a good deal of grass, and well adapted to the ultra pace. Sir David Baird rode to Edinburgh after this—full fifty miles. I may here mention—what I omitted in its proper place—that on the 17th, our dinner party at the White Swan consisted only of Sir David, Lord Saltoun, and myself. Never having before spent an evening with two Waterloo officers of note, it was natural that I should ask them some questions; and amongst others, how each of them had escaped in the fray. Lord Saltoun, it appeared, amongst the hundreds that fell around him, was untouched; but Sir David was less fortunate. He received a bullet in his mouth, which, after carrying away a few teeth, found its way into his throat, and lodged there. Fortunately, it was extracted without leaving its marks externally, although the force of a dozen more grains of powder would have been fatal. "But were *you never wounded?*" said I to the hero of Hugomont. "Knocked down once," replied his lordship, "by a spent ball, but not much hurt. My sergeant, however, thinking I was killed, cried out—'*There goes my lord, he has got it at last!*'" "And pray, my lord," resumed I, "what did you say to your sergeant?" "*Not yet,*" was the short, but soldier-like reply. And this reply reminds me of a similar one made by another Waterloo hero, whom I also have the honor of knowing, and who is likewise from the same country. I allude to Colonel Hay of the Bays, distinguished among his clan and his friends, as "Jemmie Hay of the Bays," and a kinder-hearted man does not live. I believe bullets or sabres have found their way into almost every part of his body, and on one occasion, as he lay on the ground, he overheard the comfortable tidings that he was dead or dying. "*I'll bet a hundred of that,*" said he, faintly, and, as it happened, he would have won the wager, for he recovered of his wounds, as by a miracle. But some men, like some foxes, take a deal of killing; whereas others are half frightened to death, as I believe all medical men will vouch for. I have, indeed, a near relation, who well exemplifies this. "There is no way of getting at the ball," said the surgeon, "but by sawing away two of your ribs, and introducing a child's hand to extract it, for the forceps will not take hold of it; but you may die under the operation." "Saw away," exclaimed he: "I *won't* die, by ——!" Neither did he. I have had the ball in my hand, and read the report, which attributed the success of the operation and the cure, not to his skill, but to the determination of this gallant Welchman* that he would not die. His sufferings I will not attempt to describe; but I believe they were almost beyond human endurance—having him six weeks on his face "to begin with," as Chomley, the Chatham coachman, would say. For my own part, I have always been an admirer of heroes, and am not surprised at Homer's giving them precedence of his gods; yet give me none of your Hannibals, who, because he had been bred in a camp, claimed a dispensation from the polished manners of a capital; but commend me to such as are, in private life, possessed of qualities that render life delightful, and which we have a right to look for in all civilized countries, in which virtue has its chief foundation in humanity.

The title which Horace gave to his satires and epistles, sufficiently denotes their character. He called them *sermones*—discourses, conversations, reflections made amongst friends, on the lives and characters of men. Assuredly, then, I may follow so bright an example, and having mentioned the name of Baird, may be allowed to enter a little into the history of a family of which Scotland may be proud, and of a name long known in the sporting world as contributing to its honor and its fame.

In the first place, I had heard and read of one distinguished member of this family when I was a boy; of his deeds of glory in our Indian wars; of his numerous wounds; of his captivity and his chains. I need scarcely observe, that I allude to the Right Honorable General Baird, second son of the late Sir John Baird, Bart., of Newbyth, near Haddington, uncle to the present Sir David, and from whom he (Sir David) inherited his title and estates. But more to my purpose is the notice of those who have signalized themselves in the hunting field, or on the race course; and I have reason to believe that our good king's dominions never produced a better sportsman than the late Mr. Baird—the father of Sir David—who hunted East Lothian and Berwickshire for so many years of his life, and was so great a supporter of the Scottish Turf. And here I cannot do better than quote the words of one of his friends in a short memoir of his sporting life. "Possessed of an ample fortune," says he, "and with a mind enthusiastically devoted to the sports of the field, Mr. Baird may be truly said to have passed his days in one unceasing round of manly and pleasureable pursuits. His fox-hounds and his race-horses—shooting in its wildest and most sportsmanlike forms—his hawks and his game-cocks—to all and each of these, in their seasons, was he most ardently attached." His friend then speaks of his race-horses, and in allusion to the St. Leger stakes of 1825, and "the unaccountable position" of his favorite horse Cleveland, in that race—the said Cleveland having been pulled up at the distance-post—expresses an opinion that the disappointment occasioned by the losses his friends sustained, who had deeply backed his horse, "severely wounded his feelings. No doubt they did; but the "unaccountableness" of such things no longer exists at Doncaster.

I must add one other tribute to the memory of this celebrated sportsman. He was the first master of the celebrated Williamson, who may be truly said to swear by him, both as a sportsman and a master, to this day; and be assured, reader, whosoever you may be, there is no better testimony to the good qualities of a gentleman, than the good word of his servant. But I was given to understand there was a playfulness of manner in Mr. Baird—"Cockburn Law in the throat," for example—which won the affections of all men; and his enthusiasm in the field could not have been lost upon his huntsman. He was a master of fox-hounds for nearly sixty years, and died at an advanced age, most universally regretted in Scotland.

I feel my blood circulate more freely through my veins, when I can honestly extol the virtues as well as the prowess of a sportsman. *Nulli secundus* is the son and representative of this gentleman—the present Sir David Baird.

Of his character as a country gentleman and a useful member of society, the piece of plate lately presented to him, and purchased by the subscription of seven thousand freeholders of the county of Haddington, is the best testimonial; as a soldier, his deeds and his wounds are his best panegyric; and it remains for me only to allude to him as a sportsman and a companion. In the first named character, he has long held a high station, not only as a rider *not to be beaten over a country by any man*, but as a superior judge of what hounds are doing; and in every country in which he has followed them, has left behind him the reputation of combining the best properties of the horseman and the sportsman. In proof of this, he was last year solicited to hunt the Pytchly country (Northamptonshire) but preferred a lease of Melton Lodge near Melton, for three years, where he took up his residence during the latter part of last season. This is one of the most complete sporting boxes perhaps in England, which may be accounted for by the fact of its having been, for several years, the residence of the late lamented Earl of Plymouth—that staunch supporter of the Quorn Hunt. If my recollection does not fail me, there are stalls and boxes for nearly thirty horses.

Sir David Baird has been a frequent occasional resident in Leicestershire, and, as well as upon other occasions, his name appears in print, in Mr. Campbell's song—to which I have before alluded—descriptive of a fine run in that county, in which he is represented as sailing along "in his pride of place," (as Shakespeare says of the falcon), on his famous horse Jemmy Hope. And there is on record an excellent anecdote of this said Jemmy Hope, and this said Sir David Baird. He sold the horse to a gentleman without selling the seat of the rider—a very common case—and the following was the result:—Sir David, having the lead at the time, was floored on his back in a ditch, and, seeing Jemmy Hope leap over him, with nothing on his back but his saddle, and go straight to the hounds, coolly exclaimed, "There he goes, *he would always be with them if they would let him.*"

As a companion Sir David has been well drilled; for, as has been truly said,

"To give a young man a good education,
The army's the very best school in the nation;"

and the circle in which he has since moved always ensures the finish.

Thursday, the 20th. Met the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds at the Hirsel. A very large field—his Grace himself among the crowd, to whom I had the honour of making my bow. We made a bad start, mobbing and killing a fox in a large whin cover, Found again, the hounds getting well away with him, and, crossing the road just under my horse's nose, I got a good start on one of King's horses. Luckily, however, for me we checked at the end of six fields, for it was "bellows to mend" with my nag. But of all the deep countries I ever rode across, none ever came up to this. In fact it was perfectly rotten, and two or three of us were nearly stuck fast in the middle of a loose gravelly turnip field. The ditches, too, were after the order of double bodied graves, and very inviting to a blown horse. Mr. M'Kenzie Grieve, indeed, contrived to get two falls in these six fields; but when he passed by me at the rate of twenty miles in the hour, in very deep ground, I could not avoid exclaiming to him—"'Tis the pace that kills."

Our fox, it appeared, had turned short back into the cover, where we soon got upon terms with him again; and, taking fresh ground, was well hunted for about an hour, saving himself by getting into a drain. But he had a very narrow squeak for his life, by an accident which I had never before witnessed to a fox. He got entangled in a sheep-net in the middle of a large field, which it is possible he never saw until he felt it. These sheep-nets are awkward things in a hunting country. In the course of the Broom-dykes run with Lord Elcho I was all but caught in one myself, it being placed so near to the headland that Keepsake with difficulty collected himself so as to avoid it, after having leaped into the field. It appeared to me to be quite strong enough to have turned him over on his back.

It was the small pack this day, which did their work well, though, for want of a holding scent, the pace was not good throughout. This, however, enabled me to scramble after them about three parts of the way, when, wishing to avoid being smothered, and seeing Mr. Cosser on his best horse take to the turnpike road, I gladly followed his example, and was, with himself, lost—the hounds turning from us every yard they went. But I lost something else this day, which did not present itself to me again during my visit to Scotland. This was, an opportunity of seeing how a Scotch yeoman lived. As Mr. Cosser and myself were endeavouring to fall in with the hounds again, we were joined by a wealthy farmer who lived hard by, and when we had given up the pursuit I was thus addressed by him:—"Mr. Cosser is coming to my house to take some dinner with me; and it will be on the table in half an hour. Will you do me the favour to accompany him?" All I had to do, was to acknowledge, with thanks, the proffered kindness, and to ride on, as I was engaged; but there is no class of persons in whose habits, pursuits, and welfare, I feel more interest in than in those of the British yeoman—a character truly said to be "known in no other land," *and without whom fox-hunting would be known in no land.*

The Hirsel is the property of the Earl of Home, whom we saw in the cover with his gun, in which I understand he excels. His costume was certainly the costume of the sportsman, and, judging from that, and the sort of dog he had with him, of the working sportsman, and not one of your battue gentry, who have no claim to that honourable distinction, but who only shoot for fame and name. The Hirsel is renowned in history, being the ground on which the Scottish army camped on crossing the Tweed, in the time of the first Charles; the daring, but treacherous Montrose—afterwards Lord Graham—being the first to plunge into the stream, and to set his foot upon the English border.

My engagement this day was to dinner at Dunse-castle, which alone implies the passing of a pleasant evening. Mr. Hay himself was in great force, and we were delighted, ladies and all, by some songs Mr. Campbell sang for us in the drawing-room, one of which was—"We have seen a run together"—at my request. "All the sounds that nature utters," says Cooper, the American novelist, "are agreeable, from the goat's fine treble, to the base of the humble bee," but nothing equals the melody of the human voice. To my ear, at least, the music of "the cornet, the trumpet, the sacbut, the psaltery, and the harp," is but "harmonious discord" to it; and next to first-rate colloquial powers, the being able and willing to sing well is the most pleasing accomplishment in our nature.

Promises have been compared to pie-crust, and vows, I fear, are equally brittle. I had made a vow to myself not to be again found in the same "yellow post-chaise" with Mr. Campbell—at all events, after dinner; yet such was my situation this evening. However, instead of having no coachman, as before, to handle the same spicy pair of nags, we had two, as Sir David Baird jumped into the dickey-box, and laid hold of them. "You'll na hit that bay horse, Sir David," cried Sawney, as the word "All right" was sung out, when, as might be expected, Sir David instantly gave him a flanker. Notwithstanding this, and a very dark night, we arrived safe and sound at Dunse; and although "Song on song had deceived the night," not at a very late hour.

Friday, 21st. Lord Elcho's fixture was Dunse-castle, to which place I walked in the morning to breakfast, Mr. Hay having offered me a mount. Lord Elcho's Prince Lee Boo, however—said to have been the best hunter in Scotland, but now rather worse for wear—was waiting for me at the cover, which of course was Dunse-wood, a sort of nursery of foxes. We ran one very hard, indeed, with a burning scent, for at least an hour and a half, but all the time in cover; when, unfortunately, owing to a main earth not having been properly stopped, he scratched his way into it, and saved himself. No hounds ever deserved a fox better than these hounds deserved this; and the only consolation attending his getting to ground was in the fact of his being a capital bit of vermin to have stood such a dressing as he got in cover, on rather a close day in November. But pardon me—there was no other consolation. There were several juvenile sportsmen and sportswomen in the cover—some on foot, and some on horseback—to whom this hour and half cover-hunting afforded many opportunities not only of viewing the *tod*, but of seeing how the thing was done; and it was likewise a good day for hearing the "gallant chiding" of the pack.

We found a second fox in a cover called "The Doctor's Cover," which soon met his death, owing to the impatience of one of the field to get a start, by which he turned him into the hounds' mouths. I was rather surprised at the gentleman in question doing so, because he has followed hounds a great deal, and has the reputation of being a sportsman; but his conduct reminded me of a description Dr. Meynell gave of a similar start with his hounds, from a favorite cover in Leicestershire. "*First,*" said he, "came the fox; *next*, Cecil Forester; and *then*, my hounds." Lord Elcho bore the disappointment like a christian—a term which, on all occasions, may be allowed to synonymise with gentleman. We found again, and, after a smart scurry over the country, whipped off at dark in Dunse-wood.

This was my last day with Lord Elcho's hounds, and for this reason—I had not a horse to ride without trespassing on the stables of my friends, and found I had no chance of getting one from King, as the brute he sent me in exchange for another brute which I sent back to him was equal to about nine stone, *on the road*, and a cripple—in fact, with anchylosed joints. What rendered this circumstance more mortifying was, that, on the very day I left Dunse, which was on the morrow of the last of which I have spoken, I missed a run which his lordship had from Press, of an hour and twenty minutes, without what could be called a check. Before I take my final leave of Dunse, however, I shall offer a few remarks upon Berwickshire as a hunting country, as well as upon the hounds that are now hunting it—confined, of course, to my short experience of each.

It is difficult to speak in relation to hunting, of a county so varied on its surface as Berwickshire is, which may be divided into three separate descriptions of *country*, taking that word in the sense accepted by the fox-hunter. But as far as my knowledge of it extends, it bears a strong resemblance to Worcestershire, and particularly so as regards the varieties of it. For example: The country in the Lammermuir district may be compared to that in the neighborhood of the Malvern or Bredon hills—very difficult of ascent, but chiefly old turf, in parts clothed with heath, and therefore favorable to scent. Now, Cockburn Law, of which I had a bit of a taste the first day I hunted in Berwickshire, is nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and there are likewise a few more chokers in its neighborhood. Then, again, further on, you have a surface very similar to the Abberley Hills, in Worcestershire, Lord Foley's side of the county, chequered with hill and dale—what may be called waving unequal ground, but still rideable after hounds, though strongly fenced and sticky. Lastly, the Merse, a low and extremely fertile district, running down to the Tweed, and on towards Roxburghshire, deep, and strongly enclosed with a good deal of plough, in conjunction with its high state of cultivation, has a close resemblance to the vale of Evesham, in Worcestershire—called the garden of England—and (as the Merse is of Berwickshire) the best part of Worcestershire for hounds,* but very severe for horses. Both countries, however, at certain seasons of the year, are punishers to ride over. But taking Berwickshire upon the whole, although I cannot call it the sportsman's Vale of Cashmere, as I called Leicestershire, or even the Montpelier of Scotch hunting counties, it struck me, taking it all in all, as being the best country for hounds I saw in Scotland.

It appears Berwickshire has been hunted beyond the memory of man. In the year 1740, for example, by Mr. Lambadain, of Blanerne, and coming nearer to present times, and jointly with Roxburghshire, by the late Mr. Baird, father to Sir David Baird, and Mr. Baillie, of Mellerstain, of whom I have already spoken, each of whom hunted it for many years—the former gentleman, in fact, till his death, when the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. Ramsay* each had part of it in addition to their home countries.

In 1833, Lord Elcho took Berwickshire, and on Mr. Ramsay resigning East Lothian, the Duke gave that county also up to his lordship, who has his kennel at Amisfield, near Haddington, at which place, as I have already stated, his residence is. The exact boundaries of these countries I am not able to fix; and as I was given to understand there has been some little difference of opinion respecting them, I avail myself of the truism, that "the least said is soonest mended."

The following are the precise periods of Berwickshire being hunted by Lord Elcho, as likewise of East Lothian. On the first of November they return to Dunse, and hunt Berwickshire to the 20th of December, when they go to their home kennel, and hunt East Lothian to the first of February, when they return once more to Dunse. On the 30th of March, they quit the Dunse kennel for the home one, and finish the season in East Lothian.

Of Lord Elcho's hounds, it would be unnecessary for me to give an opinion, were it not for the wish to have it recorded in your pages; for it is merely the echo of that which passes current from one end of Scotland to the other—namely, that, making only a reasonable allowance for the short time they had been together, they more than answered every sportsman's expectations of them; and this is not saying all that has been said in favour of them. Nevertheless, candour, based on experience, and a wish to avoid the imputation of bestowing praise beyond desert, calls upon me to exclaim—"Surely his lordship must have been highly favored in his purchase of drafts, as it is well known he commenced with a pinch out of every man's box!" I can with truth assert, that no pack need be steadier than this pack was every day I was out with them, and I more than once asked myself the question—*For what reason could some individual hounds be drafted?* as they appeared to me to unite all the qualities we require in hounds. "Wait five years," said a brother sportsman to me one day, as I was offering a remark somewhat to this effect. *Verbum sat.*

But, as I have before observed, the test of hounds is sport. I am able, then, to report the proceedings of this young pack last season in the field, which I derived from a source on which I can rely. Previous to my visit to Dunse, they had what is called "a capital October," killing several old foxes, after good runs. During my visit, they had quite average sport, with one fine run. Up to January the 21st, they had killed twenty-four brace of foxes, including one fox which showed as splendid a run as the annals of hunting can produce—from point to point allowed to be twenty miles in two hours, and never fairly off the scent; with blood at the finish. In sixteen days' hunting, they killed twenty-two foxes, and ran three to ground: and some time before the season ended, they had tasted sixty-seven!

The present being the first of Lord Elcho entering any young hounds of his own breeding, will be one of more than common interest to himself, and of anticipation to his friends. To himself, as the first trial of his own blood, as well as of his success on the election of it; to his friends, as a test of his talent in the kennel, as well as judgment in the field. I understood he had been rattling the covers of Dunse, Press, Marchmont, &c., previous to the beginning of the season, when there was a great show of foxes; but cub-hunting doings should never be recorded on paper.

As a huntsman in the field, my opinion of Lord Elcho being already recorded, I would not touch on the subject again, were it not to enforce one point. All persons who have followed fox-hounds over various parts of Great Britain, have been aware of the advantages and disadvantages of the master of the pack and his huntsman standing well or ill with the yeomen and farmers of their country. In a highly cultivated one, as Berwickshire is, this is a point of the greatest moment as regards the preservation of foxes; and I would hold out Lord Elcho as a pattern here. Not only is he desirous that as little mischief as is possible should be done by his field, but his kind and affable conduct towards all classes of persons ensures him that regard which induces such as may sustain some damage to make light of it, whilst it fills his country with foxes.

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* Sir William Wynne, then a subaltern in the Welch Fusileers.

* "The Merse is remarkable," says the author of the Picture of Scotland, "as being the largest piece of level ground in this mountain kingdom. It is twenty miles long, and ten broad. The whole is so fertile, so well enclosed and so beautiful, that, seen from any of the very slight eminences into which it here and there swells, it looks like a vast garden—or rather, perhaps, like what the French call *une ferme ornee.*"

* Mr. Ramsay hunted the Merse country two months in the year.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

A Day in the Canary Forest.

At the close of a long march, we encamped upon the banks of a river in one of the great forests of Canara. My principal object in this expedition was to shoot Bison, which are found in great numbers along the whole range of Western Ghauts. This fine animal, the largest of the genus Bos, is still so little known that its existence even has been doubted by many modern naturalists; while its form and habits have been imperfectly and erroneously described by others. In India its gigantic size and formidable appearance have invested it, in the superstitious minds of the natives, with fabulous attributes of supernatural strength and ferocity, which the credulity of travellers has published; and these vague accounts with the slight notices extracted from a sportsman's diary, were then, and I believe still are, all that is known of the Indian Bison. I had previously engaged the services of an old African Shikaree who had spent his life in the forest He met me on my arrival at our little encampment, and after making arrangements for the next day's sport, I turned in to dream of to-morrow.

The moon was still shining on my solitary tent when I awakened next morning, startled by the roar of a tiger returning to his lair at the approach of day.—No other sound but the rushing fall of waters disturbed the stillness of the jungle. I looked out, and saw that the first streaks of light were dawning through the haze occasioned by a white cloud of vapour, which rose curling from the dark stream, and dispersed in a cold damp mist stretched like a veil of gauze across the endless maze of tress. As day began to break, the silent forest seemed suddenly roused into life. The scream of the restless paraquet answered the carol of the brilliant mina, and the cry of the spotted deer was heard at intervals, mingled with the bellow of the great Rusa stag, which came faintly, like the sound of a distant trumpet, from the remote thickets. Far above all rose Mahommed's "whooh," intended to summon the hopeful scion of his house, who emerged from a ruined hut in the shape of a woolly headed young monster, blowing a cloud of smoke from a pipe which had some service. Having transferred the luxury to his father, young Quashee crawled back to his den; and the old savage, throwing a greasy blanket over his shoulders, squatted before my tent while I dressed This man was famous for his skill in tracking bison. He had scarcely an idea connected with any other subject. The chase of the Koolgha* was the business of his life; he talked of their habits with the familiar intimacy of long acquaintance, and mentioned with contempt the pursuit of any inferior animal. Even the tiger was treated slightingly, as unworthy of his notice. "My son," he used to say, "sometimes kills one, but he knows no better, he is but a boy." Mahommed was then nearly sixty years of age, but he still possessed the activity of a lad, and his hawk-like eye flashed with animation when the brown hides of the bison appeared through the green bamboos as he stole upon their trail. He rarely left the forest, being the village chief of a small cluster of huts, inhabited by a few poor families who, like himself, gained a precarious livelihood by the pursuit of wild animals. Here the half naked savage reigned like a patriarch over his subjects. He was looked up to as the most skilful of his tribe in all that related to woodcraft, and had been consequently thrown into frequent intercourse with English sportsmen, who usually selected him as their guide, and from them he had acquired, in addition to his other accomplishments, a taste for brandy, which must be indulged before he could show a head of game. His sole clothing was a piece of cotton round his loins, which barely answered the purpose of a fig leaf, and a grey blanket, in each corner of which was generally concealed some Abyssinian dainty, such as a bison's heart, or deer's kidney, abstracted from his last victim. With his long black matchlock on his shoulder, and his well worn knife at his side, his grey hair streaming behind him while he silently followed the track of his game through the pathless forest, and his keen eye glancing with the bold confident look of one who knew his danger but feared it not, old Mahommed was to me an object of admiration. From him I gleaned much curious information regarding various animals; for although ignorant of all beyond his own wild haunts, he had studied nature there, and in his knowledge of the beasts of the forests no man could surpass him. One would think that he was guided by some instinct in finding his game, so sagaciously did he discover, and so uneeringly pursue the faintest traces. But much that is unnoticed by the philosopher speaks to the senses of the savage. The cries of birds, and the howl of the large grey monkey often guided him to the spot where the bison harboured. The ruffled bark and nibbled shoots of the bamboo told him where the deer had been feeding. He knew each spot where the Rusa loved to scrape its bed in the shaded thickets, impervious to the sun; and where the boughs of the Peepul tree were loaded with the wild bees' honey, he was sure to find the awkward bear climbing for his food.

We crossed the river in a canoe, and proceeded in silence along its banks.—The forest was in beautiful order for stalking—hardly a leaf upon the ground, and the long rank grass, which grows to the height of nine feet in the open glades where the timber had been cleared, was now burnt down. Showers of rain early in May had made the young verdure sprout in little green patches, which were quite cut up by the tracks of the axis deer. The bison were now leaving the strong covers for the grassy plains near the river, where they were less tormented by the swarms of insects which come forth at the commencement of the rainy season; and the shy solitary Rusa, which dreads the sun, now ventured to leave its usual gloomy thickets, as the rays shone dimly through the gathering clouds of the monsoon. We had not advanced a mile into the jungle before Mahommed hit upon a fresh trail. He pointed, without uttering a word, to a broad foot-print, like that of an ox, and then, rolling his blanket over his shoulder, he stopped to it and followed it up at a trot. Deer frequently crossed our path, but he never

* The name by which the bison is known among natives.

noticed them even by a look; and the rustling of the leaves, as some heavy animal rushed past him, caused but this cool observation—"It is only a tiger." As the trail became warmer, the old man became excited like a blood-hound running in to its game. He ran it up without a check for at least two miles, thrusting his toe occasionally into the droppings to judge by the temperature how far the bison might be ahead. At last he stopped, and laying his ear to the ground listened with profound attention, and then turning up his grim visage lighted up with savage triumph, whispered "they are drinking in that ravine beyond the teak tree, you will have a good shot, but mind the shoulder must be your mark." We crept softly up the bank, and there they were—a noble herd of ten stooping over the stream. Their size appeared enormous as they stood without a branch to conceal their gigantic proportions. Head after head dipped into the water, and the small fierce blue eye unconscious of danger often met mine watching them from the high bank where we lay concealed. Alone, at the distance of a hundred yards, stood the old bull on a rising ground, snuffing the air and looking anxiously towards us. He smelt us, and stamped violently on the ground, producing a hollow sound like that by which a rabbit spreads alarm in a warren. In an instant every head was raised with distended nostrils; the bull advanced close to the cows, and while he stood hesitating I fired at the point of his shoulder. The huge brute sank on his knees with his broad muzzle buried in the sand, and a crash like thunder followed the sharp crack of the rifle as the terrified herd dashed through the jungle, everything yielding to their enormous strength. In this position the disabled monster lay groaning till I fired a ball into the back of his skull, when he fell on his side. I was running up to him, but Mahommed grasped my arm and bade me listen before I moved. A low growling bellow was audible from a thicket at some distance, and an occasional snort with a rustling of the boughs explained the cause of his caution. "Keep still," he whispered, "the herd is close by;—they have not seen us yet, and if the bull has life enough to give one roar when he feels my knife, they will be back upon us like a troop of mad devils. But I shall start them," so saying, he clapt his hand to his mouth and raised a yell so wild, so unearthly, that when it was returned by a hundred echoes the forest rang as if inhabited by infernal demons. No Indian war whoop could have raised more terror, they dashed through the cover at their utmost speed, and we could catch occasional glimpses of their dark bodies forcing themselves through the closely interwoven bamboos, and then trace their course by the crackling branches till the sound died away in the distance. "The Koolghas know my voice," observed Mahommed with a knowing look. My first feeling on approaching the fallen bison was amazement at his size. It far exceeded what I had imagined, no animal except an elephant having ever given me the same idea of muscular power. My eye could not scan the whole of his great dimensions at a glance. As he lay on one side, the hump of his shoulders and the dark ridge peculiar to the Indian bison being concealed, he looked not unlike an overgrown Highland bull. But a nearer investigation removed the resemblance, and the distinctive marks of the Gaur gave a character to the animal which marked him as one of a totally different genus.

Having satisfied my curiosity by a minute examination and accurate measurement of the bison, we left him to the vultures, intending to send next day for the head to preserve as a specimen. My principal object being attained, we turned towards a ravine on the side of a thickly wooded hill, where Mahommed promised to show me some Rusa deer, and he kept his word. We saw two herds in some close bamboo thickets, without being able to obtain a shot, and it was evident, from the tracks in every direction, that this was one of their favourite haunts, but the crackling of the dry branches under foot rendered it impossible to stalk them. After a long fag through this sort of jungle, the earnest cawing of some crows hovering over a shady spot attracted Mahommed's attention, and, after watching their motions for a few seconds, he turned round with that peculiar grin which always foretold that game was near, and said with an air of decision that there was either a tiger, a solitary bull, or a stag at that spot. Most probably one of the two latter, as the monkeys overheard were not chattering with alarm as they generally do when a tiger is near them. We crept to the edge of the ravine and looked over. A fine stag with immense antlers was lying stretched on his side by a pool of water, lazily brushing off the flies with his sweeping horns, and flapping his long ears in a state of indolent security. He was within eighty yards, and his shoulder beautifully exposed, so I took him as he lay, and hit him in the fatal place. He rose slowly, looked wildly round him, and with the life blood welling from the wound, staggered forward and dropped dead. The old savage proceeded to break the deer on the spot, and having deposited a few dainties for immediate consumption in the ample folds of his blanket, left the carcase to be brought in next day. Heavy rain obliged us to return to the tents, and so ended my first day in the Canara Forest.

DECCAN.

London New Sporting Magazine for January.

NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction."—BYRON.

The Victim.

I was sitting in a corner of the traveller's room, at a small inn on the road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel-looking man, of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *has* to gain the attention of the company, said, "Gentlemen"—

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.

"You've each told some wonderful tale to-night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were, in my opinion, mighty marvellous."

"Oh, oh!"

"Now, gentlemen, what I am going to relate to you, is not an every-day occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night."

"Morrison's pills!" whispered one.

"I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794, in the month of December. On the first day's journey, I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather public-house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round. It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful and roomy parlours in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinarily brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward; but I must confess, the appearance of these men threw a damp upon my spirits and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain—I rang the bell.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water and a pipe."

"'Yes, sir,' replied a grinning dirty-faced bumpkin, who I suppose on occasions served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.

"'Damned unfortunate!' exclaimed one of the men in an under-tone, though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window,'—and then they all fixed their eyes upon me.

"I shivered—cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other, and I positively believe I could have fainted, and indeed perhaps I should have done so, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

"'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so,—and damn me, if I care who knows it;' exclaimed the same man, as he, with the other two arose to leave the room.

"'Good night, sir,' they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

"'Good night, gentlemen,' said I, 'a wet walk home, I fear.'

"'Oh! we have not got far to go,' replied one. 'Where's my dog?—Bess, have you seen my dog?'—he continued, as he shut the door upon me, and addressed himself to some personage at the bar. I heard no more—I was alone. I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy to replenish my glass, I turned my chair round, and seated myself in front of the fire.

"'Dog!'—'far to go!'—'window!'—I pondered in my mind. Ominous words!—oh, I'm marked!—I'm a victim!—going to be murdered—butchered in cold blood!—pleasant reflection. I sipped my brandy and water. What's to be done, thought I,—I've no fire-arms about me; never carried any!—I've no doubt but that one of them has already gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what a miserable dog I am.

"I was about to rise in order to see if my predilections were in truth realized, when a gentle voice suddenly arrested my attention.

"'Would you like to have a pan of coals run through your bed, if you please, sir?'

"'Eh!'—I turned round, gentlemen.—As pretty a little flower as ever you would wish to set eyes on, stood before me. Rich tresses of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about her neck,—eyes, dark,—face, beautifully fair,—figure, splendid. I'm no poet,—but, positively, her *tout ensemble* beggared all description. This was the glance of a moment.

"Somehow or other, I have a great horror of a pan of coals; I don't know why, but so it is,—and I modestly replied, 'Thank you, my dear,—you are very kind, but when travelling, I never accustom myself to it, and therefore my dear—'

"She had got her answer, and was leaving the room. To lose the society of so charming a creature in such a dull place, and so soon too, was more than my weak nerves, from the state they were then in, could support. I looked at my watch,—stammered out—'My dear!'—she returned.

"'My name is Betsey, if you please, sir,' she blushingly replied, which made her look ten times more beautiful.

"'Well, then, Betsey, my dear. You are a—very—pretty girl.'

"Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken two glasses of strong brandy and water.

"'Did you please to want anything, sir?'

"'Yes, my dear;—I want a kiss from those sweet coral lips of your's.'

"'Do you?' exclaimed a stentorian voice, as the door opened, and in walked a tall powerful-looking fellow, whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing before. 'What are you doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the bell? Come, trudge off, and go to bed. As for you, sir,' he continued, turning to me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, 'if you don't know how to behave in a body's house on the roadside, you'll find some one, perhaps, who will teach you, and that in a very short time.'

"I could almost fancy I saw the blade of the dagger glittering before me;—the ill-omened words rushed to my recollection;—new fuel seemed added to the flame.—'That in a very short time.'

"The appearance of the men, their coarse manners, the loneliness of the house—nay, every thing, tended to confirm my suspicions. The poor girl, too! some deluded victim, no doubt, brought from London. Romances, legends of old, in which I had read, in my boyhood, of bravos c pturing princesses, and obliging helpless beauty to serve them as their cup-bearer, and in some instances to become their wife, in a moment rushed to my imagination. I shuddered at the thought. Could such a creature as Bessy be the wife of such a wretch?—There was a modesty, a purity in her manners, which plainly convinced me she was not his sister, and, by her features, no relation.

"Brought back, as it were, to a sense of honour, from the stern manner in which I had been addressed, I blamed myself for the inconsiderate manner I had acted towards her, and I now thought, had I pursued a different course when she first entered the room, might have learned her history, perhaps have saved her from a life of misery and shame, and myself from being murdered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door opened, and Lukin entered.

"'Your light, sir,' meaning my bed-candle. 'What time would your honour like to be called in the morning? Being such a quiet place, gentlemen who stops here generally sleeps *very long*.' I thought I could distinguish a smile of triumph on the fellow's lip.

"'Indeed!' I replied.

"He was leaving the room, but before he reached the door, suddenly turning round—

"'Oh! I beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but master—that is, as how, master's son,—the old gentleman's up stairs, laid up with the gout—'

"'Oh! the person whom I saw just now was your master's son, eh!'

"'Yes, sir, Master Gregory. He desired I to say he hoped as how you wouldn't be very much offended with what he had said just now; he's had one or two friends here to-day, sir, and they've had a little brandy together.' The latter part of the sentence was said in a half-whisper, as an excuse for his master's abrubt address to me.

"'Well,' I replied.

"'He begged I to say, sir, that if you would have no objection, the old gentleman would take a bit of a lift with you in the morning.'

"'Oh! no objection in the least;' I quickly replied. My spirits began to revive. After all, they might be honest.

"'How far will he go?' I inquired.

"'As far the church-yard, sir.' A sudden chill came over me.

"'He's going to try the change for the benefit of his health: his brother Nicholas—*Old Nick*, as I calls him, will be main glad to see him, I know; besides, it's *warmer* for the old gentleman a little way *below* there, and young master thinks as how he'll be better able to keep up his *spirits* there than up here in this dull place, and as you was going that way too in the morning, he said, he thought he'd make bold to ask you.'

"I was standing with my back to the fire, holding the candlestick in my hand, as the fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the room. 'The rascal's been roasting me,' at length I exclaimed. 'He also is an accomplice. Alas!' I sighed as I left the room, 'no hope! no escape!'

"The lovely form of Bessey crossed me as I passed the bar. I would have apologized for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was, I simply and civilly wished her good night.

"'Good night, sir.'

"Oh! the tone of her voice—the manner—the look she gave me struck to my very heart-strings. I shall never forget it. 'This way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner room, separated only from the bar by a partition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself into a chair, 'what's to be done?' I had not an implement of defence about me, nor was there even so much as a poker in the room. Suddenly the words, '*Through the window!*' flashed across my mind. I examined it;—not a fastening of any kind about it; and, to add to the misfortune, it was a casement window reaching down to the ground—no shutters, and in one or two instances, paper substituted for glass.

"By the side of the window, in a sort of recess, was a door which led—Heaven knows where; but it struck me, if I could but contrive to force it open, it might eventually lead me into the stable, where, with a very little difficulty, I could—— But no; it resisted all my efforts, and I was compelled to leave my task unfinished. I took off my coat,—laid it upon the chair,—looked under the bed. All was safe there. I was just about to undo my straps, when suddenly I heard a low moaning, like the groans of a person struggling to shake off the weight which oppressed him. The noise evidently proceeded from the bed. Gracious God! I saw the bed clothes move! It's all over with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the attitude of taking off my straps, expecting every moment to see the floor open and the bed gradually descend. A growl—a shake,—the very clothes were moved, or were dragged off the bed. My head whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes grew dim, and I was about to call out murder, when out jumped—Oh! God!—

"'A man!' exclaimed the company.

"'A dog!' reiterated the speaker. 'A damned large Newfoundland dog.'"

The company gave a hearty laugh. Fresh glasses were called for, and in a few minutes the gentleman-resumed his story:—

"I was not long, you may be sure, gentlemen, in opening the door and letting the beast out. It was the animal before mentioned, and which, as I afterwards learnt, was very fond of taking a nap in that particular room, and on that particular bed. It had very ingeniously crept under the counterpane, which prevented my perceiving it when I first entered the room." The company smiled.

"I now hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest. All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more, however, I took a survey round the room, and then, consigning myself to the care of Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the bed.

"I had reposed in the soft embraces of Somnus about two hours—it might have been less,—when I was suddenly awoke by the noise of a scratching at the door by the side of the window. I looked,—could see nothing. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot. As it gleamed upon the old-fashioned walls, my fevered mind could almost discern the figures which were marked upon the paper, dancing before, sometimes throwing up their hands as if in triumph at my capture, and at others beckoning me by various gestures and grimaces to follow them. Again I heard the noise,—it now proceeded from the window! I fell back, and lay for sometime in breathless suspense. How, gentlemen, how shall I describe to you my astonishment, my agony, when on again opening my eyes I beheld the figure of a man standing before the window? By his dress, and the light of the moon which shone directly upon him, I easily recognized him to be one of the three before spoken of. He was beckoning to the others. The window presently opened! In about a minute the other two men appeared, carrying what seemed to me to be the body of a man. Oh! thought I, how easily now can I account for the use of that door. It is into that cell they convey the bodies of their murdered victims! Alas! how soon might I be one of the number! and I felt as if I could freely and without a murmur have given up every farthing about me, if gain was their purpose, so would they spare my life. My heart almost came up into my mouth; there was a choaking in my throat,—I could scarcely breathe. They entered the room. The first was furnished with a dark lantern, and led the way to the door.

"'Hush! softly! This way, my boys; the chap's sure to be asleep by this time.'

"He took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and they all three entered the place. 'Now,' thought I, 'now is the time,'—and I was about to spring out of the bed and lock the door upon them; when I perceived by the light of their lantern they had deposited their burden, and were returning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I inwardly prayed. They approached my bed,—my eyes involuntarily closed,—I saw no more, I heard no more. I was gone—fast—dead as a door-nail! How long I had remained in this happy trance, I know not; but when I again opened my eyes, how changed was the scene!

"It was a fine beautiful morning,—the sun was riding high and gilding with its brightest beams the prospect around. I was soon dressed and in the parlour. Breakfast was brought in by Lukin, who, with one of his usual grins, said, 'Master Gregory would be happy to speak with your honour, if as how your honour could spare him a moment.' I told him I was perfectly at leisure, and in a few moments the said Gregory appeared, bowing profoundly as he entered.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' he said, after satisfying himself no one besides ourselves was in the room,—'I beg pardon, but I hope you were not very much disturbed last night.'

"'Why, not very,' I replied, endeavouring to make the best of the matter, now that I had got safe through the night with my life, and even without the loss of a shilling. 'And yet,' I added, 'there was something rather strange'—

"'True, sir,' interrupted Gregory, 'we are honest enough with our travellers and customers, and try to serve them well, and I hope, sir, the brandy and water you tasted last night was to your liking.' I replied in the affirmative.

"'Well, sir,' he continued, 'that's the way we live; we do a little in the smuggling way, and if any one's robbed—it's only the king.'

"I expostulated with him on his want of judgment, in not having informed me of this ere I went to bed; for, had I been provided with fire-arms, I should certainly have been inclined to have had *a pop* at one of them.

"'You see, sir,' he replied, 'it happened very unfortunately for me, for Black Sam and his two mates had got a long keg of whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yesterday, and had agreed with me in the afternoon about price; and you know, sir, it is necessary for the safety of all parties, that such an article should be off their hands as soon as possible, and if I didn't yield pretty quickly to their fancies, they would soon find a ready customer for their goods, and ten to one if they'd ever bring me another keg of whiskey or brandy. Now, you see, sir, that little cellar in your room is the only place in my house where I can stow anything of the kind away,—for I don't even let my boy, Lukin, know of our little trade, for it's dangerous, as the old saying is, "to let too many cooks make the broth." I tried to persuade them to leave it somewhere till you were gone; but no, they were obliged to be off to another place to-day. However, sir, I hope you'll forget the circumstance, and pardon my boldness.'

"Saying which, he made a low bow and withdrew.

"Gentlemen, I could have brought forward many arguments against the impropriety of the affair,—but I was so satisfied with finding myself in propria persona again, that I freely forgave them all, and there was a frankness of manner about the fellow which pleased me vastly. He was certainly not that wretch I at first thought him to be. One only thought threw a momentary dampness upon my joy. Where was Bessy? Her lovely image was still wandering in my mind. I had not seen her, and from motives of prudence, did not dare ask for her.

"'Chaise is ready, sir—' exclaimed a shrill little voice, and Lukin entered the apartment, bowing and scraping. 'Every thing's ready, your honour,—the wheels were main dirty,—but I've made 'em look as bright as a looking-glass, and the harness too, your honour.'

"I took the hint, and threw him a shilling for himself with which he appeared delighted.

"'The old gentleman is not so well this morning, your honour,' he continued, as he was leaving the room, 'and Master Gregory thinks as how he'd better not attempt the journey. Mainly obliged at the same time, your honour.'

"This last speech brought to my recollection the last night's *roasting*, and I was glad to see the back of him.

"'Here's a small keg of brandy, sir,' said the landlord, in a half-whisper, as I was stepping into my chaise, 'which the men left, with their compliments, for you, sir, as a small recompense for last night's business. They warrant it good. I think it will just go under the seat of your chaise,—and if you should, sir, at any time want a gallon or so for a friend or two, I hope you will not forget "The Hole in the Wall."'

"I thanked him—told him such a remuneration was quite unnecessary—promised the strictest secrecy,—and drove off.

"Gentlemen, my yarn's spun, as the old sailor says;—many years have passed since then,—to me happy years. The old man shortly after died, leaving Gregory and Bessy, who was his cousin, the whole of his property between them. Gregory was wise enough to know when he had enough, and retired, a respectable man, in the county of Kent. As for Bessy"—

"Ah! what became of Bessy?" ejaculated the company at once.

"She soon got married," was the reply.

"Married!—to whom, to whom?" again exclaimed the gentlemen.

The speaker cast his eyes round the room,—took up his pipe,—and then resuming his seat,—modestly replied, "To myself, gentlemen!"

"Huzza! Bravo! Bravo!—To the health of Bessy! Hip! Hip! Hurra!"

[London Monthly Magazine for February.

A DELICIOUS PICTURE.

The beautiful daughter of count Julian was received with great favor by the queen, Exilona, and admitted among the noble dames that attended upon her person. Here she lived in honor and apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delights. To gratify his queen, Don Roderick had built, for her rural recreation, a palace without the walls of Toledo, on the banks of the Tagus. It stood in the midst of a garden, adorned after the luxurious style of the East. The air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers, the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale, while the gush of fountains and waterfalls, and the distant murmer of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat during the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect privacy also reigned throughout the place, for the garden walls were high, and numerous guards kept watch without to protect it from all intrusion.

One sultry day, the king, instead of taking his usual siesta, or midday slumber repaired to this apartment, to seek the society of the queen. In passing through a small oratory he was drawn by the sound of female voices to a casement overhung with myrtles and jasimines. It looked into an interior garden, or court, set out with orange trees, in the midst of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by a grassy bank, enamelled with flowers. It was the high moontide of a summer day, when, in sultry Spain, the landscape trembles to the eye, and all nature seeks repose, except the grasshopper, that pipes his lulling note to the herdsman, as he sleeps beneath the shade. Around the fountain were several of the damsels of the queen, who, confident of the sacred privacy of the place, were yielding, in that cool retreat, to the indulgence prompted by the season and the hour. Some lay asleep on the flowery bank; others sat on the margin of the fountain, talking and laughing, as they bathed their feet in its limpid waters, and King Roderick beheld their delicate limbs shining through the wave, that might rival the marble in whiteness. Among the damsels, was one who had come from the Barbary coast with the queen. Her complexion had the dark tinge of Mauritania, but it was clear and transparent, and the deep, rich rose blushed through the lovely brown. Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed from under long, silken eye lashes.—A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms; but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry, that seemed to defy all rivalry. The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florinda, the daughter of count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were lightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth; while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her boddice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

"Behold!" cried her companions exultingly, "the champion of Spanish beauty."

In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florinda before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivalled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania. From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florinda with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was levity or wantonness in her bosom; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty. It was in vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in him by the Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with parental care; his heart was violated by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in his gratifications. Being one evening in the garden where the queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion that raged within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florinda to him to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet, to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson boddice, and her timid blushes increased the effulgence of her charms. [Irving's Legends of the Conquest of Spain.

EDITING A FRENCH PAPER.—If you went to the French opera, and saw a very large and very brilliant box, rather larger and more brilliant than any other—whose would you suppose it to be? The King's? no; a Minister's? no; an Ambassador's? no; a Russian Prince's? no: an English Lord's? no: a French Peer's? a Deputy's? Guess again:—That box is the *Temps* newspaper's!—What! a newspaper have a box at the opera? to be sure—that box is where the newspaper does the greater part of its business. You see that smooth-faced little gentleman, and that tall thin pale figure in spectacles—one was a great man a little time ago, and the other expects to be a great man soon. The Editor is giving these statesmen an audience. They tell him their views; he listens. They tell him the strength of their party; he takes a note. They tell him what course they mean to pursue: he proffers advice. The editor is a clever man. This is his way of conducting his journal. He pretends that to influence the politics of the day, he must know the political men of the day. He makes his paper the organ of a party and he makes himself the head of the party. But how to keep this party together? He used to give dinners—he now takes an opera box. I do not know any thing that better paints the character of the French, or of the state of France, than—the journalist at the head of his political party—assembled—in a box at the opera.

[Bulwer's France.

EDITORIAL REFINEMENT.—"Daniel O'Connell works in the stomach and bowels of the scribes and proprietors of the *Liverpool Standard* like a a clyster of hobnails and buttermilk! Like curs about a hedgehog, they growl and bark at a distance; or if they at any time venture to run in upon him, they instantly start back, whining over their own noses, which are grievously hurt by its bristles."—*Liverpool Mercury*. [Verily our cotemporary is possessed of eminent qualifications for a **common** council *man*.

Captain Chamier, R. N. the popular author of "The Life of a Sailor," "The most unfortunate man in the world," etc. is about to produce a new naval novel under the title of "Ben Brace, the last of Nelson's Agamemnons." It has transpired that this fiction, independently of the stirring scenes and nautical humour by which it will be characterized, will embody the whole career of the illustrious Nelson, of whom Ben was the constant follower and coxswain. The battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, and other exploits of the great hero, are graphically narrated; and this happy idea is followed up by episodical descriptions of cotemporary actions under the command of other naval chieftains.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1836.

Prospects of the Northern Turf Campaign.

The number of four-mile horses in training this season at the North was never equalled. And taking into consideration the strong feeling of emulation existing throughout the country, and the increased attention given to the Sports of the Turf, the racing season of 1836 promises to be altogether more brilliant than any that has preseded it in America. At no time previous, could there have been named in the Union as many horses of known speed and bottom as the racing stables North of the Potomac will turn out this Spring. Nor is this remarkable increase of blooded stock—of "high-mettled racers"—confined to this section of the country, by any means. The Southern, Western, and Middle States, are replete with fine thorough-bred horses, whose performances on the Turf are worthy their distinguished lineage.

For the first time since that event, has there been a nag on the Northern Turf which the wildest enthusiast would have ventured to back against the time of Eclipse and Henry. That there are those now in training for the ensuing campaign, that can do their four miles in 7:37 and 7:49, is not doubted by those *au fait* to the stable secrets of more than one well-known turfman; nor will they be convinced to the contrary, while can be brought to the post, in tip-top condition, the blood and speed and bottom accorded to a Post Boy, a Trifle, a Mingo, or an Argyle; not to name half a dozen others, of scarcely less limited pretensions.

The thousand friends of *Trifle* will be glad to learn that this nonpareil is in training for new victories, though from her age and protracted career of hard service on the turf, we fear she may break down. She is truly a phenomenon, having won eighteen out of the twenty-four races for which she ever started, fifteen of them four mile heats, beating the best horses in the country. Of this fact there can be no mistake—if started by the "Napoleon of the Turf," in high condition, the negroes of the South will have to acknowledge new masters if she does not place herself "at the head of the Class."

The "Northern Champion," as many consider *Post Boy*, is now taking his exercise in the vicinity of the Union Course. Thus far his performances would seem to have realized the most confident anticipations of his friends. His four mile race at the last Fall meeting of the New York Jockey Club, beating Black Heath, Juliana and Black Maria in 7:52 each heat, was the cleverest thing of the year. If in order, he will cut out work for the fast ones this season; there are those who will back their opinion, that "let come what may" he takes the money.

The Eclipse colt likely to cut the handsomest figure on the Northern Turf this year, is *Mingo*, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler. He has seldom or ever been in condition for severe work, his friends say, and none question his thorough game. They are very sanguine he comes up a trump, and with reason, for the four year old colt that could beat Post Boy, Sidney and St. Leger, three mile heats in 5:45 and 5:55, with 104 lbs. on his back, is likely to prove a troublesome customer to the fleetest or stoutest.

In *Argyle*, now partly owned at the North, and almost certain to be here, "By Gar, Monsieur Tonson's come again!" Like Alexander sighing for other worlds to conquer, he has invaded the frozen regions of the North, to "beard the Douglas in his hall." He is now in Col. Johnson's stable, near Petersburgh, Va. in training for his match ($17,000 agst $15,000, four mile heats) with Col. Crowell's election out of four named horses in his stud, that will come off at Augusta, Ga. on the 12th of next month, further particulars of which will be found in our last paper and in our columns of to-day. Should fickle Fortune frown upon him on that day, the victor, whoever he may be, will undoubtedly make his debut on the Union Course at our 2nd Spring meeting, to run in the grand match between the North and South. The number is limited of those who can properly appreciate the dangers "by flood and field" incident to the racer who must necessarily travel from Georgia to New York in sixty days. But our Southern friends, we hear, will obviate many of them by bringing on their champion by steam.

Argyle's reputation is based not so much upon his actual performances as upon his stock (sired by Monsieur Tonson, dam Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar) and acknowledged racing qualities. It is a matter religiously believed by many who know him at home, that he has the foot of any thing that wears hair! which circumstance will give rise to no little *argumentum ad betting-'em*. Strangers frequently ask, "What is his best time, four miles?" and when answered that last year it was 8:5—8:0—8:0, carrying weight for a four year old (102 lbs.) they invariably remark, "why such or such a horse would have posted him." They never take the trouble to think, not they, that when this time was made he beat in a canter what would be considered any where a good field; among others, Vertumnus, Bertrand, Jun., Lucy Ashton, and Conrad. He ran in February, last year, at Charleston, a three mile race with Rattlesnake, Alborak, and Rushlight, and won easily in 5:46—5:51, nearly the fastest thing of the year, Clara Howard, having run her three miles on the Union Course last June in 5:47—5:45, carrying 101 lbs.; and Mingo, on the same course, in May, having done it in 5:45—5:55, with 104 lbs. on his back, being 4 years old, as well as Clara; and last, by no means least, the five year old Carolina mare Patsey Wallace (by Alexander, dam by Robin Gray), carrying 107 lbs., ran three heats of as many miles, over the Macon, Ga., course, in 5:48—5:50—5:55.

Juliana and *Ironette* come from a stable the bare mention of which is enough to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." After carrying off the purse at Washington, beating Hanslap and Florida, on the 15th of May, Juliana took the four mile purse on the Union Course, the 5th of the month ensuing, beating Tarquin and Mingo. She was a long time doing it however; 8:8—8:12 is "any body's race." At Washington, carrying 4 lbs. less, her time was 7:51—7:59. Ironette's last campaign, like that of Napoleon and his "Army of Italy," was one continued series of splendid triumphs. She ran five four mile races in the single month of May, winning for her owner, in purses alone, no less a sum than four thousand five hundred dollars! and that, too, on five different courses. Well may her veteran owner consider "his grey mare the better horse."

We will not "stand upon the order of our going," but following the advice of Lady Macbeth, "go at once" at another promising candidate for turf honors, and see what we can make of *Veto*, as handy and true a nag in his three-year old form as stripped last year. After getting a pretty severe drubbing from Post Boy, in a match Three-mile heats, he tailed off as fine a field the succeeding month (Nov. 7th, Fall Meeting, Union Course) on the three-mile day, as one could wish to see, fairly running some of them off their legs, and that, too, without the crimson showing at the finish, the dose he administered to his competitors. Merry-Gold, at the placing, was "no where," Shark was amiss, and the judges had lots of time to mark off No. 1 the second heat, ere called on for the consecutive enumeration of Sidney and Mark Moore. It must be borne in mind, that on the Wednesday previous, Nov. 4th, he won the sweepstakes for three-years old, Two-mile heats, in 3:44—3:53—4:00, beating Dr. Syntax, Catherine Davis, Red Russett, and Mark Moore, though the odds were 100 to 80 on the Southern mare (Catharine Davis) against the field, and even on Dr. Syntax, who, having been deluged with cold water between the two first heats, was seized with cramps, as were his backers. Veto has a few friends, who will lay all "Lombardy to a China orange," that he places himself well in any event. We shall see. Revolutions on the Turf are not of rare occurrence, at home or abroad. *Mundig*, the winner of the Derby last year, from being an outsider, with 50 and 60 to 1 against him, in two months sprung to 15 to 1, and in the twenty-four hours before the race, to half these odds again. In Jan. 1835, Shark was held the crack horse of the North, and sold about that time for $17000! Post Boy and Mingo being comparatively unthought of: the Spring campaign opened, and how their relative situations were reversed!

We have seen little of *Cadmus;* but enough to convince any reasonable individual that whenever he makes one of a field, neither the strongest or fleetest will cut him down in a canter. He met with an accident last year, after the Second Spring Meeting (splitting his hoof), and it was deemed prudent to withdraw him: however, he is now all right, and as impatient for his trial strains as was ever Di Vernon (the name of his dam) for a ten-mile gallop across a country. He won a second two-mile heat last May, in 3:44, carrying 104 lbs.; and it was thought by several who backed their opinions "a few, if not more," that had Clara Howard (who took the 1st and 3d heats) been well collared in the 1st, she could not have come home. In June, Cadmus ran second the 1st heat for the two-mile purse, which was taken by Floranthe, in 3:50. However, he won the 2d and 3d, the latter with something to spare in hand, in 3:47 each heat. Rather a fastish thing, as Alfred Highflyer would term it.

If we take the time made as the standard of each horse's racing capabilities, and assume that the winners of three mile races last year won at the top of their speed, it will be seen that with a single exception *Clara Howard* would have distanced every nag fast enough to tire itself in America! She did her three miles last June, beating Henry Archie and Chas. Kemble in 5:47—5:45, carrying 101 lbs. Mingo ran his first heat on the same course in May in 5:45, and his 2d in 5:55, beating Post Boy, Sidney, and St. Leger. Argyle and Patsey Wallace, the first carrying 102 lbs. and the 2d, 107 lbs. come nearer the mark than any others, though Mazeppa, saddled with 100 lbs. made a fine race at Washington last May, beating Sally Ewbanks, Lady Connah, and Azalia, in 5:51—5:48. In its way, quite the most sporting affair of the year to our taste, was Clara's two mile race at the first Spring meeting on the Union Course last year, which was run in 3:44—3:44—3:50. Cadmus, bent on mischief, won the 2d heat by half a length, while Fire Fly and Ecarte were distanced the 1st. Floranthe, Tarquin and Rival made up the remainder of the field and a finer or more promising one never showed on the Turf. As Milton concludes his facetious story of John Gilpin, every amateur of fine horses will join us in the wish expressed in the great poet's final stanza

"That when they next shall run a race
May I be there to see."

Black Heath, a favorite Sir Archie colt, bred and owned in the Old Dominion, proved himself a first rate one last season, winning some very pretty pickings, ($3000 in purses alone) from the "cracks" of the day. His best race was made on Long Island at the last Fall meeting when he ran 2d to Post Boy, who beat him about two lengths only in 7:52. His spirited owner, we trust, will again bring him North, for any nag running with him will have his work to do to win the money.

Sally Ewbanks, we think, has never been stung by the mosquitoes of Jersey, nor exhibited her pretty ankles on the *pavé* of Gotham. It is hardly the fair thing that she be confined in *garrison* at home, when she might be winning never-fading laurels "amang her friends i' the North." With 107 lbs. on her back (being 5 years old), she beat a strong field last October on the Kendall course, running a third four mile heat in 7:52.

Henry Archie has seen a deal of hard work in his day, and considering that he was compelled to carry weight for an aged horse (126 lbs. in N. Y. and N. J.) last year, his performances would seem to entitle him to the strong muster of friends he has in his own State. He beat Monmouth and Oliver at Monmouth, on the 19th of last May, 2 mile heats, after handily carrying off the 4 mile purse on Long Island about a fortnight previous, running against Black Maria, Monmouth, Dan O'Connell, and Milo.

We sat down to say a word or two upon the prospects of sport at the North the coming season, but in turning over in our mind the formidable corps de reserve that will start this Spring and perfectly overwhelmed by the number of fine horses of known racing capabilities, that really claim our attention, we are reluctantly compelled to stop where we are. Our article has already attained to the length of the Yankee Sea Serpent's tail, and if we were to enumerate in it all the crack horses north of the Potomac, it would attain the circumbendibus of Cape Cod.

A Maryland sportsman—a bit of a wag—sent us the other day the following list of assumed nominations for a grand Sweepstakes, four-mile heats, upon a Northern Track, and in the gravest manner proceeds to quote, as if he were writing of the St. Leger or the Oaks, the "Latest State of Odds." His calculations are based upon the fact, that each horse is in condition at the signal to saddle and lead up, and that they carry the heavy New-York weights. As it cannot be prejudicial to the reputation of a single race nag, and trusting that it will be met in the same courteous, good-humored spirit that prompted it, we are induced to indulge the freak of our Correspondent, by giving a place to his

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Sweepstakes, Four-mile heats; subscription, $1000; three years old, 90 lbs.; four, 104 lbs.; five, 114 lbs.; six, 121 lbs.; aged, 126 lbs.: with an allowance of 3 lbs. to mares and geldings.

3 to 1	against Trifle	9 to 1	against Black Heath
3 to 1	—— Post Boy	10 to 1	—— Sally Ewbanks
4 to 1	—— Mingo	12 to 1	—— Clara Howard
4 to 1	—— Argyle	12 to 1	—— Cadmus
5 to 1	—— Juliana	15 to 1	—— Veto
6 to 1	—— Ironette	18 to 1	—— Henry Archie

Our correspondent wishes to know whether he would be likely to get on at these prices in New-York? He has our answer in the girl's reply to somebody who asked her whether or no she was courted: "Why, sir," said she, "I'm sort o' courted, and sort o' not; but rather more sort o' not, than sort o'!" He pretends his quotations are the current prices in Virginia and Maryland (which we beg leave to doubt), though he admits that the "Betting in the Country" would probably change their complexion. In his list of nominations, he seems to have overlooked many known good ones at home, as well as elsewhere. However, he may have a grand Handicap race or a Sweepstakes, Three-mile heats, in embryo, in which they can place themselves well, if he neglects to do so.

PARK THEATRE.

The Woods and Mr. Brough commenced their engagement, (*not* farewell engagement,) last Monday. The house was crowded to excess, and the welcome extended to our old friends, cordial and enthusiastic. *La Sonnambula* was the Opera in which they appeared, and for our single self, we never heard the first act so poorly executed. The two following acts were somewhat better, yet the whole was by no means so satisfactory as it should have been. Mr. Wood never did himself so little justice before. The effect was perceptible the next night, the house being thinner and less enthusiastic, although the Opera went off much better.

There is nothing new to be said of the Opera itself—every one admires it, and many place it first among musical productions. But its extraordinary run in this country is doubtless to be attributed to Mrs. Wood's most effective acting, which surprises every one.

Others know better than ourselves surely, and we will therefore hazard an opinion in a deprecating, humble query, on one point—and that is, whether the part of *Alezio really* requires a man to look and act like a natural born idiot? We presume it does, and if so, Mr. Ritchings fills it to the life; his manner in the part recalls forcibly to our mind another part of his in which his friends seem to think him peculiarly brilliant, by the applause they give him; we allude to *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. Our own taste on each point is a vehement desire to * * * * * * the moment he shows his face. Enough of this.

Mr. Brough gains upon his audience every night. A poor actor but with a capital voice. We admire his singing most decidedly. We have room but to say that Hackett and the Woods fill the house nightly.

☞ A letter to the Editor from Baltimore, dated the 20th inst., informs us that the city is excessively dull; but that as the Holliday-street theatre opens in a week or two with Reeve, Celeste, and others, no one will commit suicide. The Front-street house is *floored* (as, in fact, every theatre there latterly has been) for balls, which have kept the Baltimoreans alive through the winter. Were it not for the Belles of the Monumental City, our friend writes, he might as well have been a denizen with the Hottentots. He went down to the Kendall Course the other day, to see a match race, and describes it as "no circumstance" to a *butting* match between two "Guinea niggers" he once saw in Carolina. He says Mrs. Richardson and her cousin Mrs. Willis, both of the theatre, have been made happy mothers within a few weeks. That's right. As Benedict says, "The world must be peopled!"

The choice of boxes at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, for Mrs. Woods' Benefit last week, was sold at auction, and produced (exclusive of the regular price of tickets) the enormous sum of twelve hundred and forty-one dollars forty cents. The highest premium paid was $95 each for boxes 1 and 3, making the price of each seat ten dollars and forty-four cents. The average price of the tickets all round, was $2 46. We should think this was something like enthusiasm.

Franklin Theatre.—Mr. Wm. Sefton takes a benefit here next week.—We trust he will have the full house he deserves.

Late Foreign News by the Virginian.

We received by the Liverpool packet *Virginian*, Capt. Harris, letters from both our London and Liverpool Correspondents, with copious files of papers, etc. The Virginian should have sailed on the 8th February, but was detained, so that we have a second Liverpool letter dated the 10th ult. giving the state of the odds two days later. Our London letter is particularly racy and interesting this week.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, February 7, 1836.

What with the opening of Parliament, and the crowds who are hurrying up to London, as if a certain black gentleman were at their heels, the metropolis is in a state of excitement such as you sober Americans can have no idea of. The fact is, London is London now, "and no mistake."

Parliament opened on Thursday: nothing remarkable, save that the King showed he had not forgotten his quarter-deck education; for he most lustily damned Lord Melbourne, for not having written the speech more legibly; and when *a* candle (*two* would be extravagant!) was brought in, stuttered out an apology for the bad manner in which he had read the speech, and said he would commence it anew. He did so, amid the smiles of the Peers and the titters of the Peeresses. The old man then took off his spectacles, bowed to his audience, passed out to his carriage, and drove home.

In the Lords, Ministers (anxious to avoid *fuss*) adopted a verbal amendment proposed on the Address, by the Duke of Wellington, who has come back from the country (his hunting tour) in famous health. In the Commons, on the same amendment, by Sir R. Peel, Ministers tried their strength: they beat their opponents, by a majority of 41. A good commencement this.

We have *no* Scan. Mag.; except one item from abroad—to wit, that two Misses Smiths, Irish ladies, and "beautiful exceedingly," like the unknown in Coleridge's *Christabel*, went to Naples some time since. One of them, the fair Penelope, won the heart of Prince Charles de Bourbon, then the heir presumptive to the Neapolitan crown. Her sister won the affections of Prince Cimatelli. The Queen of Naples has presented her husband with a son, and thus an heir apparent steps in before the heirship presumptive of Prince Charles. The beautiful Penelope, very anxious, like all her soft sex, to get wedded, hinted to Prince Charles that somebody else had proposed for her. On this, the Prince goes to the King, his brother, and declares that he *must* marry Penelope Smith, late of the city of Cork, spinster. "You may," said the King, "but must give up all claim to the crown." This the love-lorn Prince consented to do. Having thus got three consents—the King's, the lady's, and his own—the Prince proceeded to Rome, to get the Pope's consent, and, to spare time, the adorable Penelope went with him. Her sister went with Prince Cimatelli, and the chance is, that the double marriages have taken place. N. B. There is a report that the exquisite Penelope had *pregnant* causes for wishing to be married. I don't believe it, 'cause why?—if that were the case, the Prince would be more anxious to shake her off than to espouse her. That's the logic of it!

Now I think on it, there *is* another little affair which has caused a sensation in high life. You doubtless recollect—for it was matter of unhappy notoriety—that the late Marchioness of Conyngham was the *chere amie* of George IV. After her death, a search was made for her letters—that is, for the correspondence of her royal lover. *Aberat!* it was not to be found! The other day, at the sale of materials in an old Government office, an iron safe was sold to an auctioneer named Jackson: the key was lost, and it was believed that the safe contained nothing. Jackson took it home, and in a month or so had a key made for it, or found a key to fit it. When opened, lo and behold! they found a mahogany box; and on opening that, there turned up a huge mass of letters, including not only the correspondence of George IV. with the Marchioness, but with several other ladies. Each set of letters was in a separate white satin bag, labelled by the King himself. Some one told the Duke of Wellington of the discovery, and his Grace immediately sent a confidential servant to buy the letters. Jackson got fifty pounds for the set, aud the Duke sent them to the King. It appears that George IV. was in the habit of getting back from his fair friends every line he ever wrote them.

Power, the actor, has been especially honored at Dublin, by Lord Mulgrave, the Viceroy. His Excellency sent Mr. Sheridan (his secretary) to Mr. Power, at the Theatre, with a sumptuous gold snuff-box as a present. The outside is richly chased with a representation of the parting of Hector and Andromache; and inside is the following inscription: "Tyrone Power, Esq., from his Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1836."

Madame Vestris has certainly offered for the English Opera House, her lease of the Olympic being nearly expired. It may be as well to say, that Madame's age is forty—exactly.

I saw Macready, at Drury Lane, on Wednesday night. He performed *Othello*, but was literally acted down by Vandenhoff's *Iago*. Macready seemed *very* much annoyed, and accused Vandenhoff of over-acting. Vandenhoff said, "I acted as well as I could, and I think I did my duty."

I have heard that, in consequence of this *fracas*, Macready has cut Vandenhoff out of the new tragedy, "The Provost of Bruges." Cooper takes the part meant for Vandenhoff. These be the meannesses of the stage!

Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, or whatever his name may be, has *not* arrived in town: it was said that he was engaged at one of the large theatres. Miss Clifton is somewhere in Gloucestershire—*not* acting. The last I heard of her she was in Birmingham—an *immense* favorite.

A novelty, this week, has been a burletta, at Braham's Theatre. It is called "The Mendicant," and is puffed up as "original." If so, it is strange originality, for I saw the same piece at Paris in 1830, as "Le Vagabond." There are some scenic *tableaux*, which are beautiful. The plot is a mixture of fun and pathos: the first act is summer, and has its pair of newly-married people; the second winter, and the same pair are starving beggars, twelve years after, with a parcel of children. The costume—manner—tones—acting of Mr. Mitchell and Mrs. Selby, as the mendicants, are admirable. The *vraisemblance* is next to Nature.

At the Queen's Theatre, I have seen Elton in a new piece called *The Delusion*. A husband believes his wife unfaithful—that he has killed her paramour, and that she is mad—himself being the monomaniac. In the end, by the judicious treatment of a "mad-doctor," the man becomes sane. Elton does the hero, Mrs. Nisbett appears as the wife. The acting is admirable—not a tittle beyond what *might* have been in such a case.

At the Adelphi, Elton is the hero of Buckstone's melo-dramatic version of Bulwer's *Rienzi*. It was announced for Monday, but was not brought out until Wednesday. The piece went off well; but Buckstone might have adapted it very much better. It is got up on a *very* grand scale. Elton's *Rienzi* is very fine, indeed.

If you are fond of a hearty laugh, you should have seen the new *serious* operatic romance, called *Quasimodo*, and founded on Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." It was brought out at Covent Garden on Tuesday. I went to see it, flushed with admiration of the magnificent production of Victor Hugo, which, as a refresher, I had read again that day. I knew, also, that the delightful music of Weber (the *Preciosa*, chiefly) would be pressed into use—but, oh! the sublime borders on the ridiculous—the horrible on the grotesque—the pathetic on the comic. Thus, the recognition of *Esmeralda* and *Gudule*, by means of the little shoes (one of the most touching scenes in fiction), one of which each—mother and daughter—had kept as a means of recognition, was the funniest thing on the stage I ever saw. Then, too, when *Quasimodo* (H. Wallack) throws Claude Frollo (G. Bennett) from the tower of Notre Dame, a stuffed figure was hurled down—fell half way, and stuck (legs upmost) till some man pushed it down. Collins as *Captain Phœbus*, and Miss Romer as *Esmeralda*, were pretty good. The only really good thing was a dance by the Bohemians, to music by Mercadante.

Did you ever call for a bowl of Mock-Turtle Soup at the Custom House Hotel? If not, then you may know where to find it, hereafter. Bennett, in the Morning Herald, says it is "rich, racy, fragrant and delicious," and having "tried the experiment," we "take the responsibility" of *endorsing Bennett's paper* without the slightest misgiving that, so long as Horn presides there, it can ever be *protested!*

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Wood gives a Grand Concert next Wednesday evening; for particulars see advertisement.

Sporting Intelligence.

NATCHEZ, (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our Southern Travelling Correspondent, under date of Natchez, Feb. 25th, furnishes us with the annexed report of the Club Races. He represents the track as beautifully located about two miles from town, and exactly one mile round. A new Jockey Club has just been established, the immense subscription to which, will enable the officers to give purses as large as any in the Union.

SATURDAY, Feb. 20th, 1836. Match, one mile out; $1,000 a side.

Mr. John G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, 5 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 107 lbs.......... 0
Col. Osman Claiborne's br. m. *Cassandra*, 4 years old, by Stockholder, dam by Gibb, 97 lbs.......... 0

The match resulted in a dead heat and both horses were drawn. Time 1:52. On the Pharsalia and the St. Catharine's Course, also, at Natchez, the Maryland weights are carried, viz.:—for three years old, 86 lbs.; four, 100 lbs.; five, 110 lbs.; six, 118 lbs.; aged 12 4 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs.

MONDAY, Feb. 22d. Match, mile heats, $500 a side.

Mr. John G. Perry's gr. f. *Forsaken Filly*, by Jerry	1	1
Mr. Jos. Rochleau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab	2	2

Time—1st heat, 1:52; 2d heat, 1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 24th.—Purse, $——. Four mile heats and an inside stake of $1,000 a side, between Mr. Peyton and Col. Claiborne.

Mr. B. H. Barrow's b. f. *Sally Hope*	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand	2	2
Mr. W. R. Peyton's b. m. *Betsey Smith*, by Timoleon	3	3
Col. F. L. Claiborne's g. c. *Long Tail Blue*, by Sir Richard	4	4

Time—1st heat, 8:3; 2d, 8:14.

This race excited great interest from the amount of the stakes, and the high character of the horses. Chuckfahila was the favorite for the purse, and Betsey Smith for the inside stake. After a false start they got cleverly off together. Betsey Smith had the track but soon resigned it to Chuckfahila who passed her with Sally Hope on her withers. Had she been rode by an *artiste* the placing might have been different; as it was, Sally Hope made a dash at her, and after some sharp work passed and was never headed.

In the 2d heat, Betsey Smith led off handsomely again, and with Long Tail Blue, made the running for about two miles: here Sally went up and challenged them both, but soon parted company, and left them to settle their own affairs in their own way, holding on her's, closely followed by the Bertrand mare. The race between these two was exceedingly spirited. In the commencement of their brush the odds ran in favor of Long Tail Blue, but he unfortunately ran over a boy just before the finish and was thrown out, which gave the match to Betsey Smith.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25.—Jockey Club Purse, $——. Two mile heats.

Col. Osman Claiborne's br. m. *Cassandra*, 4 years old.......... *walked over*.

FRIDAY, Feb. 26,—For the Pharsalia Plate. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Naked Truth*, 3 years old	1	1
Mr. Wm. J. Minor's m. *Betsey Evans*, 4 years old,	2	2

Time—1st heat, 6:4; 2d heat, 6:10.

SATURDAY, Feb. 27.—Sweepstakes. Two mile heats; subscription $1,000.

Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder	1	2	1
Mr. H. Smith's b. c. *James Polk*, by Stockholder	2	1	2
Mr. J. Stewart's s. h. *Yazoo Trapper*, by Sir William	pd. ft.		

Time—1st heat, 3:58; 2d heat, 3:57; 3d heat, 4:1.

Antelope was the favorite at odds. She got off with the lead and kept it throughout, though not without a severe brush or two. After this heat the odds were 100 to 50 in her favor. Both came up to the post in fine plight, and after a false start, at the signal off went Polk as if shot from a howitzer, while Antelope's trainer held her by the head so long, that she lost, at least, fifty yards. However, she soon made up the gap, and a bustling rally ensued. Heels and hands were busy working away at both, which finally resulted in Polk's coming home half a length a head. The odds on Polk were now booked "a safety" the finale, of course, showed some wry faces. After several ineffectual attempts to start, they at length got off together, making play from the start. Antelope cut out the work the 1st mile, when Polk went up and "tried it on," but it didn't suit, and after one more brush he "shut up," giving Antelope the heat and stakes.

TUESDAY, March 1.—Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 a side.

Mr. John G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand, 5 ys old, 100 lbs	1	1
Mr. Wm. J. Minor's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, 6 ys old, 100 lbs	2	*dist.*

Time—8:35.

This race excited as much interest, probably, as any ever run in Mississippi. Even in New York sporting circles, large odds were taken against either by their respective friends, though the betting ran, for the most part, in favor of the winner. Had the distance been one or two miles out, Hard Heart would have stood the favorite at any figure. In Natchez, the odds were about even, the inclination being towards Hard Heart if either, and large sums were staked upon the issue.

Unfortunately, the day was an all sorts of a foul day, being extremely wet, cold, and stormy, while the track was covered fetlock deep with mud. The course, on account of the weather, was not very numerously attended, though our correspondent writes, "I was pleased to notice that several la dies graced the sports with their presence."

At 12 o'clock, both nags made their appearance and stripped, Red Maria looked in fine racing order; Hard Heart was evidently too fat; he required a finer strain for severe work.

When they came up to the judges' stand, there was no waiting for the signal to start; Hard Heart dashed off at a spanking rate with Red Maria at his heels. The mare collared him at once, and after a smart brush, passed. As they came round in front of the stand, the judges proclaimed that it was "no start;" still both held on their way, without any material change in their positions, Red Maria coming in a head in hand—doing the four miles in 8:30. Upon the judges insisting that the race should be commenced *de novo*, Mr. Minor offered to draw his horse and pay half forfeit, which they overruled.

Both nags cooled off well, and at the signal came up for another trial. At the word, "go," Hard Heart jumped off with the lead, while Red Maria, being restive, was not got off so easily, this time. She overtook him, however, in the 2d mile, when a desperate struggle ensued; the mare at length shook him off, and when she passed the winning post he was "no where."

☞ We publish the above details as they are given by our correspondent, and though they are probably correct, we shall not place them in our Racing Calendar. When the official report from the proper officer comes to hand it will be inserted forthwith. We need not hint to the secretary or "Clerk of the Course," that the weight carried, and also the age, sire and dam of each horse, should be distinctly specified, as without these particulars, a Racing Calendar loses all its value. Our own correspondent deserves a rap over the knuckles for *his* inattention to these matters.

Miss Medley, and her Race at Augusta.

COLUMBUS, Ga., 10th March, 1836.

DEAR SIR—In your last paper [The Spirit of the Times], I see an account of the races over the Lafayette Course (Augusta, Ga.). I was surprised to find that there was no comment on the race the four-mile day. As one of the owners of *Miss Medley*, I think it due her to state that she was publicly proclaimed to be out of order before she started, and that it should have been so represented to all sporting journals. She was attacked in the early part of her training with distemper, or a most violent cold, which reduced her, and consequently weakened her very much. She was not started with any expectation of success, but merely to test the leg in which she had been injured in the Spring. She was sent to Augusta *expressly* to meet *Argyle*, who was expected to be there; and we should have had no fears of the result, could she have met him in order. I hope before the season is through you will hear of her again. If she can be brought to the post in order, she will do to bet on. If in order, she will be at Macon and Columbus, where I would be glad to meet all the four-mile horses at the South: it would be useless to say those of the North also, as they cannot be here.

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.

—— —— ——.

NOTE.—Our correspondent will find on referring to this paper of the 30th Jan., a full report of the Augusta races, made up with great care from the papers of that city, in which, however, we saw no allusion made to Miss Medley's being out of condition. In commencing our New Series in February, we were obliged to give a summary of the Augusta Races to make our Calendar for 1836 complete; and that it is correct, we have the authority of the Secretary of the Club. Miss Medley's reputation is so established, that the fact whether she was or was not out of condition, on the occasion referred to, is of little moment. Still, as it appears ample justice was not meted to her in the premises, we are happy to supply the omission.

TURF REGISTER.

☞ Under this head we shall give a full and complete register of the pedigree and performances of American Blooded Stock, embracing, of course, those of distinguished imported horses. We have been advised to give this department a place in our columns by very many well known Turfmen and Breeders, who have kindly offered to supply the means to carry out the plan, by furnishing us with the requisite facts in relation to their own stock. The owners of thorough bred horses throughout the country are earnestly invited to send as *perfectly authenticated* pedigrees of them with their performances, get, etc. An *Index* will be given at the close of our present volume, and we shall endeavor to embody in THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, so full and authentic details of every matter transpiring in, or pertaining to the sporting world, at home and abroad, that *the Sportsman*, whatever be his taste, shall find his peculiar hobby noted and treated upon at length, and with such care and regard for "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," that it may hereafter be referred to as an authentic register of facts in relation to any sporting subject whatsoever.

In commencing our *Turf Register* with the pedigree and performances of *Tramp*, we have been induced from the circumstance that some of his best stock is now in this country, and seem destined to exercise no inconsiderable influence upon the future character of the American Turf.

A Glance at the Southern Racing Stables, etc.

ALDIE, VA. March 18th, 1836.

MR. EDITOR,—I have often thought it strange, why the get of *Ratler* has not been more successful on the turf. He certainly proved himself a tip-top racer, and coming as he did from a brilliant family, much was anticipated from his colts. *Sumpter*, his full brother, has produced some excellent stock; so has *Childers*, another brother; and *Flirtilla, Jun.*, out of his full sister, was very fleet. Ratler covered but few fine mares, and to that fact alone is, I think, attributable his not having got *racers*. LEWIS BERKELEY, Esq. of this county bred from him for three years, and I think two of his colts, if they had been properly managed, would have made splendid race horses. One of them, *Red Jacket*, now in the neighborhood of Bardstown, Kentucky, was a colt of extraordinary fleetness, and made two fine races; but afterwards was seriously injured in training, and had to be withdrawn from the turf. *Nell Gwynne* by Ratler, out of Vixen by Trafalgar, still the property of Mr. Berkeley, was never trained. In a trial with a very fast quarter horse, she beat him with great ease. She dropped, last spring, a very fine Gohanna foal, and is now in foal by Tranby.

The race which is to come off the 12th of next month, between *Argyle* and Col. Crowell's stable, excites much interest in the South. I recently visited Col. C.'s stable at Augusta, Georgia, and I have no doubt *John Bascomb* by Bertrand will be selected by him. And though "no prophet, or the son of a prophet," I venture to predict that it will be a much closer race than the friends of Argyle anticipated; if Bascomb catches him the least "off," he will certainly beat him.

I saw *Pennoyer* (by Henry, and out of old Ariel) at Mr. Winter's stable. He is decidedly a fine colt, and is destined to cut a considerable figure on the turf. Mr. W. has many fine horses, and has done perhaps more than any man in Georgia towards the improvement of his blooded stock.

But, Mr. Editor, if you wish to see something vastly nice, just take a trip to Florence, Ala., and peep into the stud of JAMES JACKSON, Esq., whom you will find a warm-hearted, open, liberal Irish gentleman, doing things on a magnificent scale. First, you will see *Betsey Malone*, the idol of the Tennesseans and Alabamians, the conqueror of every race she has ever started for (save one when she fell at the start). If she can be beat, 4 mile heats, with 100 pounds on each, over the Nashville, Florence, or Huntsville courses, there is no telling the amount of *plunder* can be waggoned off from those parts. *Hibernia*, a beautiful grey mare, and the last of Old Archy's gets, is also there. In tip-top condition, she is a *caution*, but when not in order easily beaten. Betsey, by the by, can make a good race if her only food be *Green Pumpkins*. *Lauderdale* by Archy, dam imp. Stoughton Lass, should have been called "unlucky." His maiden race was at Louisville. He was but 3 years old, and from circumstances could not be sufficiently exercised, and yet contended with *Singleton* (the crack nag of Kentucky and the conqueror of *Collier*) in a race of four mile heats. Though beaten, he made a respectable race.

Linnet, by Leviathan, 4 years old next grass, won all her races, some six in number, except the first, which she lost by about six inches. She beat BAILLIE PEYTON's celebrated *Lilach*, mile heats, and afterwards distanced *O'Connell*. Mr. Jackson sold her for $3000 in cash. *Extio*, by Leviathan, dam White Feathers by Conqueror, the property of Mr. THOMAS KIRKMAN, is in Mr. Jackson's stable. She has run but one race, beating, in three heats, some "good 'uns." Much is expected from her this season.

Exile makes his debut on the turf this season. He is Mr. Jackson's *pet*, and if size, form, and muscle, make nags go "the pace," I think he will be troublesome. He is by Leviathan, out of imp. Refugee. I have no room or I would like to say something about the recent importations by Messrs. Jackson and J. Kirkman, and by Mr. BOARDMAN, besides the lots of unmentioned good ones in Mr. J.'s stable.

Yours, N.

SPLENDID SWEEPSTAKES AND MATCHES,

TO BE RUN OVER THE PHARSALIA COURSE, AT NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

TUESDAY, March 15, 1836.—A Match Race, 2 mile heats, for Two Hundred Dollars a side.
1. William J. Minor enters *Lauderdale*, by Archie.
2. Mr. Bayles enters *Piano*, by Bertrand.

MONDAY, March 21.—A Match Race, mile heats, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's s. c. *Wild Bill Jr.*, by Wild Bill.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. full sister to Fanny Kemble.

WEDNESDAY, March 23.—Two mile heats, for the New Jockey Club Purse, and an inside stake for One Thousand Dollars a side, between Mr. Bayles and Col. Claiborne.
1. Mr. W. Boyles' b. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by American Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. n. *Margery Greer*, by Stockholder.

THURSDAY, March 24.—Three mile heats, for the New Jockey Club Purse, and an inside stake, between Col. O. Claiborne and Mr. B. Pryor, for One Hundred Dollars a side.
1. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.
2. Mr. B. Pryor's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, March 25.—Four mile heats, for the New Jockey Club Purse, and a Match Race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. W. R. Peyton's *Miss Blevins*, by Leviathan.
Mr. John Crow's *Alfred Hartwell*, by Sir Richard.

SATURDAY, March 26.—Mile heats, the best three in five, for the entrance money of that day, and the entrance money of the preceding day of the New Jockey Club, free for all horses, whether winners or not, of previous days; and an inside stake between Mr. Perry and Col. Claiborne, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Betsey Rocheleau*, by Arab.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's br. m. *Cassandra*, by Stockholder.

FRIDAY, April 15.—A match race, Two Hundred Dollars a side, two miles out, between
1. Mr. Conly's s. c. *Splendid*, by Waxy.
2. Major Herring's s. c. *Waxey*, by Waxey.

FRIDAY, April 29.—A Match race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Bertrand.
2. Mr. J. Rocheleau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab.

SATURDAY, April 30.—A match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

TUESDAY, December, 1836.—A match race, mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, January 29, 1837.—A Match race, four mile heats, for Two Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard-Heart*, by Mercury.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1837.—A Match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. W. Bayle's s. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

The number of horses which I have in training has increased to SEVENTY. Among them are to be seen Betsey Malone, and Lauderdale, of *Alabama*; Susan Yandell, Cassandra, Longtail Blue, Margery Greer, Betsey Smith, and Jim Polk, of *Tennessee*; Splendid, and Humming Bird, of *Kentucky*; Piano, and Prince Talleyrand, of *Louisiana*; Antelope, Red Maria, Betsey Rochleau, Hard-heart, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Naked Truth, Yazoo, and La Quip, of *Mississippi*.

J. C. SELPH, *Proprietor*.

☞ We are requested by Mr. BATHGATE to state, that the advertisement of *Barefoot* was set up for our paper from the printed bill of the last season; and that the alteration which should have been made in it, upon the subsequent importation of other winners of the St. Leger, would have been made *at once* had Mr. B. been aware of the error. We are sure that the idea of disparaging other horses, or assuming any thing for his own, never could have occurred to him.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 8, 1836.

The letter of your correspondent has not come to hand yet, and mine must be brief. I subjoin a list of all the ascertained races, of which the dates are fixed.

RACES TO COME.

The following fixtures have already been made:—

MARCH.		Epsom	17	Brighton	3
Leamington	16	Manchester	25	York Autumn	3
Warwick	16	Ascot	31	Lewes	10
Litchfield Spring	23	JUNE.		Southbridge	30
APRIL.		Newton	8	SEPTEMBER.	
Newmaaket Craven	4	Buxton	15	Warwick	[illegible]
Catterick bridge	6	Bath	15	Abingdon	14
Bath Spring	13	JULY.		Leicester	14
Malton	14	Newmarket July	12	Doncaster	19
Newmarket 1st Spring	18	Liverpool	19	Heaton Park	2
Clifton and Bristol	27	Goodwood	27	OCTOBER.	
MAY.		Knutsford	27	Newmarket 1st Oct.	4
Chester	2	AUGUST.		Newmarket 2nd Oct.	18
Newmarket 2nd Spring	3	Worcester	2	Newmarket Houghton	31
York Spring	9				

Liverpool Craven Meeting is likely to be the week after Chester; Cheltenham, between Bath and Newmarket July Meetings; and Gloucester the week after Cheltenham.

The following is the betting at Manchester up to Saturday—I have had it, in a slip, through the kindness of a Manchester Editor. It is important, as showing our North Country sporting opinions.

The anxiety usually evinced upon the declaration for the Chester Trades' Cup has not been at all deficient upon the present occasion, but has received additional interest from the circumstance of a rather severe panic taking place with respect to the hitherto first favourite in the list, Red Rover, about which very heavy sums have already been laid out, it being generally understood that the Queen of Trumps would not accept. The intelligence of Red Rover having fallen so dead amiss at his training ground (Mr. Clarke's Newton,) that it is scarcely possible he can start, reached this town on Saturday evening, and was quickly circulated in our sporting circles; offers were at first made to back Jupiter, Usury, or Altamont against him for any sum, but there were quickly followed by 20 to 1 with no takers; since Tuesday, however, his friend rallied a little, and 12 to 1 in scores has been accepted. The premiership is at present awarded to Jupiter, but his friends stand out for rather more than the present offer, consequently much money has not yet been laid out. Usury also meets with many supporters, but the most rapid advance of the week relates to our townsman's (Mr. Robinson) horse, Stockport, which is likely to occupy a prominent situation in the list of prices. Many of the outsiders, amongst which are Hectic, Oswald, and Jacob Faithful, are speculated upon, and the race has every prospect of having a great weight of money depending upon it. The number of horses that declared forfeit at Chester, on Monday, amounted to seven; but as one or two may possibly have paid in London, the list cannot be considered complete at present. Their names are, as follows:—Intriguer, Queen of Trumps, Masetto, Intruder Filly, by Langar, out of Kalmia's dam, Cymro, and Barbara Bell. The handicaps for both the Liverpool Cups have appeared, but as yet nothing worthy of notice has been transacted. The betting upon the Derby and Oaks are so closely regulated by the London prices that it is unnecessary at present to give a quotation. The average offers at present are:

CHESTER TRADES' CUP, P. P.

6 to 1 agst Jupiter [7 taken]	16 to 1 agst Billinge [taken]
7 to 1 agst Usury [taken]	20 to 1 agst Hectic [ta. freely]
10 to 1 agst Altamont [taken]	20 to 1 agst Turban [taken]
11 to 1 agst Stockport [taken]	20 to 1 agst Jacob Faithful
12 to 1 agst Red Rover [taken]	20 to 1 agst Amurath
13 to 1 agst Lady Moore Carew [taken]	20 to 1 agst Oswald
13 to 1 agst The Stag [taken]	25 to 1 agst The Miner [taken]

THE PORTLAND HANDICAP, P, P,

4 to 1 agst Mundig [taken]	8 to 1 agst Bro. to Hope
5 to 1 agst Horusea [ta. freely]	10 to 1 agst Pelops
6 to 1 agst Birdlime [taken]	10 to 1 agst any other

You see that the Queen of Trumps has declared forfeit for the Chester Trades' Cup, and that Red Rover has fallen amiss. I *suspect foul play in the latter case.*

I subjoin the London betting:—

Tattersall's, Monday, February 1.

DERBY.

10 to 1 agst Brother to Nell Gwynne, by Sultan [taken]
13 to 1 agst The Cauld Lad of Hylton, brother to Maria
16 to 1 agst Colt, by Zinganee, out of Babel
30 to 1 agst Weighton, by Brutandorf—Cerberus
40 to 1 agst Gladiator, by Partisan, out of Pauline [taken]

OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Marmalade, sister to Preserve, by Emilius [taken]

The betting was flat and of little or no interest.

Tattersall's, Thursday, February 4.

RIDDLESWORTH STAKES, P. P.

2 to 1 agst Brother to Nell Gwynne, by Sultan [taken]

THE PORTLAND HANDICAP STAKES, P. P.

4 to 1 agst Mundig, brother to Trustee, 4 yrs. 8st. [taken]
6 to 1 agst Birdlime, by Comus, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. [taken]
6 to 1 agst Dacre, by Bizarre, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. [taken]
8 to 1 agst Rioter, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. [taken]
8 to 1 agst Revenge, by Fungus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. [taken]

DERBY, 1836.

9 to 1 agst Brother to Nell Gwynne, by Sultan
13 to 1 agst The Cauld Lad of Hylton, bro to Maria [taken]
16 to 1 agst Brother to Riddlesworth, by Emilius
18 to 1 agst Colt, by Zinganee, out of Babel
25 to 1 agst Gladiator, by Partisan, out of Pauline [taken freely]
30 to 1 agst Weighton, by Brutandorf [taken]
33 to 1 agst Brother to Baunfylde, by T a np or Comus [taken]
600 to 400 on brother to Maria agst Gladiator [taken]

The following are items which the London papers will not give you.

ROUSSEAU'S DAM.—Mr. Stephenson's Whisker mare (Rousseau's dam) dropped a very fine colt foal, on the 16th of January, to Voltaire.

ST. GILES'S DAM.—Mr. Ridsdale's Arcot Lass (the dam of St. Giles, winner of the Derby in 1832) foaled a very handsome colt, on Thursday last, to Mulatto.

SNOWBALL.—Mr. Smith's Snowball, by Prime Minister, out of Vesta, by Delpini, produced a fine colt foal, by Jerry, on the 21st of January.

NITOCRIS.—Mr. Watt's Nitocris, by Whisker, out of Manuella, by Dick Andrews, produced a colt foal, by Margrave, at Mr. Kirby's stables, on Saturday last, where she had been sent to Mulatto.

EMMA.—Mr. Bowes's Emma (the dam of Mundig, winner of the Epsom Derby in 1835,) by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, by Hermes, produced a fine colt, by Priam, at Mr. Kirby's Stables, on Saturday last, where she had been sent to Mulatto.

The new play, the Provost of Bruges will be brought out at Drury Lane this week, Macready as the hero.

LIVERPOOL, February 10, 1836.

I have just time to endorse Monday's betting at Tattersall's.

TATTERSALL'S.—*PORTLAND HANDICAP.*

6 to 1 agst Birdlime [taken]

DERBY.

8 to 1 against Lord Jersey's lot	20 to 1 agst. Gladiator
10 to 1 —— Brother to Nell Gwynne [taken]	25 to 1 —— Weighton
12 to 1 —— The Mummy [taken]	25 to 1 —— Neva [taken]
14 to 1 —— Brother to Maria [taken]	30 to 1 —— Brother to Bamfylde [taken]
18 to 1 —— Babel colt	30 to 1 —— Giles
20 to 1 —— Taishteer [taken]	

OAKS.

6 to 1 against Marmalade.	9 to 1 agst Promise
7 to 1 —— Grenada [taken]	7 to 4 —— the three [taken]

BETTING IN THE COUNTRY.

CHESTER CUP, P. P.

13 to 2 against Jupiter	14 to 1 against Lady Moore Carew [taken]
7 to 1 —— Usury	15 to 1 —— Billinge
10 to 1 —— Stockport	15 to 1 —— Turban
10 to 1 —— Red Rover	18 to 1 —— Oswald
12 to 1 —— The Stag	18 to 1 —— Jacob Faithful
11 to 1 —— Altamont	20 to 1 —— any other
15 to 1 —— Tamworth	

Helen Faucit has appeared as Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger*—it is "no go."—She is not matronly enough.

TROTTING MATCH.—A match has been made at the Castle Tavern, Moorgate, between Little Driver, the opponent of the celebrated Rattler (who died after the match at Newmarket) and a black horse from Stratford: the horse to carry ten stone, and Drover eight stone. £5 a-side are down, and £50 a-side was to be made good at the Castle last night, at ten o'clock, or "no go." The distance is to be ten miles, over Sunbury Common, and the match to come off on the 29th inst. The total stake is to be £100 a-side.

COCKING.—The Annual Cocking Match between the gentlemen of Devon (Pearse, feeder) and the gentlemen of Cornwall (Skelton, feeder), for 200 sovs. the main, and £5 a battle, came off on Saturday week, in the presence of upwards of 200 spectators, at the Riding Arena, Plymouth. The result was as follows:—First innings, Skelton, 4 mains—Pearse, 3 mains. Second innings, Skelton, 1 main—Pearse, 7 mains. This is the tenth successive match Pearse has defeated Skelton; and as Skelton has declined any further contest, Pearse will fight three days' fight against any man in England, for 200 sovereigns the main, and £10 a battle.

When Mr. BICKERSTETH was to be elevated to the Peerage, the Ministers were puzzled what title to give him; upon which a gentleman in their confidence whispered that, as he had been brought up an accoucheur, his most appropriate title would be "LORD *Deliver-us!*"

Turf Register.

TRAMP.

Lo! now my records, where I grieve to trace
How Death has triumph'd in so short a space!
Who are the dead, how died they I relate,
And snatch some portion of their acts from fate.—CRABBE.

SIR—The name of TRAMP is so identified on the British Turf with the quality of "excellence," that it will perhaps appear an act of supererogation in my attempting any slight detail of his merits; and yet, when fate destines the removal of a valuable branch from the parent tree, and source of our pre-eminent breeding farms, it would be any thing but the spirit of a Turfite that would suffer the event to pass by, like the fleeting wind, without a data and a record.

Following the track of most biographers, who in this notice I shall consider my leading horses—his parentage, lineage, &c., will first claim our notice. Though but a *Tramp*, from feeble youth to increpid age, he boasted a noble line of ancestry, as the following Chart exhibits. He was bred by Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1810: his sire being Dick Andrews (Son of Joe Andrews), his (1803) dam (Scamp's dam) by Gohanna; grandam, 1793, Fraxinella (Rowland's and Rodolpho's dam) by Trentham: great grandam, 1785 (Fractious's dam), by Woodpecker; great, great grandam, Everlasting, 1775 (Skyscraper, Goldfinch, Top Gallant, Leviathan, Lazarus, &c.'s dam), by Eclipse: great, great, great grandam, Hyæna, 1762 (Eagle, Evander, and Griffin's dam), by Snap; great, great, great, great grandam, Miss Belsea, 1753 (Dainty, afterwards Wildman's Snap, Rosebud, Harpy, Elfrida, Mahomet, &c.'s dam), by Regulus; great, great, great, great, great grandam (Midge, Squirrel, Camilla, &c.'s dam), by Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Mr. Bowes' Byerley Mare, the dam of the two True Blues, &c.

For the ready reference of all who peruse this pedigree, I have put the year of each grandam's being foaled, and which will elucidate the fact that this valuable horse's ancestry have all given birth to the animals from which he descended when young in years, and consequently, from fair presumption, in the prime and vigour of life. Of the quality of the stream, where shall we find better blood? Take the several crosses as they come, and a few only will suffice to satisfy the most captious or fastidious breeder. Let him but look upon these direct descents, and then say if he can find a murmur of dissatisfaction, or wish for better lineage.

Dick Andrews
|
Joe Andrews
|
Eclipse
|
Marske
|
Squirt
|
Bartlett's Childers
|
DARLEY ARABIAN.

Gohanna	Trentham	Everlasting	Woodpecker	Snap
Mercury	Gower's Sweepstakes	Eclipse	Herod	Snip
Eclipse	Gower Stallion	Marske	Tartar	Flying Childers
Marske	GODOLPHIN ARABIAN	Squirt	Partner	DARLEY ARABIAN
Squirt		Bartlett's Childers	Jigg	
Bartlett's Childers		DARLEY ARABIAN	BYERLEY TURK	
DARLEY ARABIAN				

I might go still further, did I not feel that I have adduced amply sufficient evidence of the superiority of this valuable horse's family records; and I fancy that I might devote a very considerable portion of time ere I could find another stallion of the present day with so many direct channels in his veins to that superior stallion THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

We next come to that important portion of his history, his PERFORMANCES, the standard by which the worth of his blood and descent must be tried.

At two years old he was sent into training by his celebrated owner and breeder, who placed him in the hands of Old Sykes, at Langton, near Malton, who at that period had Altisidora, Alfana, Tom Tit, and others belonging to Mr. Watt, under his superintendence. TRAMP was not however *brought out* until he was rising three years old, when he made his *debut* at Malton Craven Meeting, on Tuesday, April 6th, 1813, where he won a Stakes of 100 guineas, for three year olds, one mile, beating with some little difficulty Mr. Grimston's b. f. Dulcinea and Sir M. M. Sykes' b. c. Diabolis:—even betting on Tramp.—He also won the succeeding race of the same day, a Stake of 40 guineas for three year olds, one mile and a half, beating very easy Mr. Morris's ch. f. Luna and Mr. Dalrymple's br. c. Tomboy:—even betting on Tramp.

At Beverley, on Wednesday, June the 7th, he won a Three-year-old Stake, value 60 guineas, one mile and a half, beating very easy Mr. Vicker's b. f. Latona, Sir B. R. Graham's b. f. Bacchante, and Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. by Sancho out of Sister to Sir Marrinell:—6 to 4 on Tramp, and 7 to 4 against Bacchante.

At York August Meeting, on Monday, August 23, carrying 8st. 3lb., he was beat easy in a Match for 300 guineas, against Mr. Grimston's b. f. Dulcinea, 8st., one mile:—2 to 1 on Tramp:—and again at Pontefract, on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, he was beat by Mr. Riddell's b. c. Don Carlos, for a three-year-old Sweepstake, one mile.

These were the whole of his achievements when three years old. The following year, 1814, proved one still more victorious and successful, as my recital will exhibit:—

At York Spring Meeting, on Tuesday, May 17th, he won a magnificent Gold Cup, value 200 guineas, for all ages, two miles, beating Sir Wm. Maxwell's gr. h. Viscount, Mr. Gilbert Crompton's br. c. Shepherd's Boy, and Lord Queensberry's br. c. Mexico: 2 to 1 on Viscount, and 3 to 1 against Tramp. It was a race which excited very great interest, and on which very large sums of money were sported by the respective friends of Viscount and Tramp. The Cup, which is one of the noblest productions of its kind I ever saw, and will contain twelve bottles of wine, is still preserved among the proud trophies of Turf victory at Bishop Burton Hall, where I saw it but very recently.

At Beverley, on Thursday, May 25, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, with 20 guineas in specie, for all ages, four miles, beating Mr. N. B. Hodgson's b. g. Woodman and Sir B. R. Graham's b. c. by Cardinal York, or Pandolpho, 3 years:—6 to 4 on Tramp, a pretty race.

The same day, he also won, at two three mile heats, a 50*l*. Plate, beating Sir W. M. Milner's br. c. Silston, 3 years:—5 to 2 on Tramp.

At York August Meeting, on Friday, August 27, TRAMP started for one of the Great Subscription Purses for 4 year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles; and, after a most beautiful race, was defeated with extreme difficulty by Sir. M. M. Sykes' b. c. Prime Minister—Hocus Pocus and Camelopard both running in the race, and beat a considerable distance:—11 to 8 against Tramp, 2 to 1 against Prime Minister, 5 to 2 against Camelopard, and 10 to 1 against Hocus Pocus.

At Pontefract, on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, he won the Gold Cup, value 120 guineas, for all ages, four miles, beating, after a pretty rase, Mr. Riddell's b. h. X Y Z and Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marciana:—6 to 4 on Tramp.

At Doncaster, on Monday, September 26, he started and was beat with the greatest possible difficulty by the celebrated Catton for the Fitzwilliam Stake, one mile and a half. It was considered one of the finest races which the two ever run.—Cossack, Ranger, and Fairville also started, and were beat far from the two first horses:—5 to 4 against Catton, and 6 to 4 against Tramp.

At the same Meeting, he next day won very easy the Prince's Stake, value 150 guineas, for four-year-olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., four miles, beating Duke of Leeds' ch. c. Hocus Pocus, Duke of Hamilton's bl. c. Molyneux, Mr. Riddell's b. c. Don Carlos, and Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Rodrigo, who broke down:—5 and 6 to 4 on Tramp, and 3 to 1 against Don Carlos.

At the same Meeting, the succeeding day (rode by James Garbutt), and the last time of his starting in public, he won the Doncaster Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, for all ages, four miles, beating with uncommon ease Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Camelopard, 4 years, Mr. Blake's b. m. Sprightly by Whiskey, 6 years, and Sir W. M. Milner's b. f. Malmoune, 3 years:—6 to 1 on Tramp.

Thus closed this superior horse's public career, which exhibits a talent and ability of no common order. The many four-mile contests which he drew to a successful conclusion against the first horses of his day must stamp him in the minds of all careful perusers of Turf history as a performer of considerable excellence. In all his contests he was rode (except for the Doncaster Cup) by that celebrated *artiste* of his day, Mr. John Jackson.

It was the intention of his owner that Tramp should continue racing at five years old, but his wind became impaired, and rendered it expedient to take him out of training. He was then put to that arena (where he was destined to place still greater laurels on his brow) the Stud Farm, being placed a stallion at Bishop Burton in the season of 1816, at 10½ gs., and in 1817–18 (at the same place) at 5½ gs. In the year 1818 Mr. Watt sold Tramp to Mr. George Sheffield Merrington, for 400 gs., his stand at Bishop Burton being taken up by that excellent horse Blacklock. Mr. Merrington covered him during the seasons 1819–20 and 1821 at Beverley at 5½ gs., when the superiority of his stock becoming evident, the Hon. Frederick Lumley, of Tickhill Castle, near Bawtry, purchased him at the price of 1600 gs. At Tickhill Castle Farm, Tramp remained from the season of 1822 to 1830, where he covered at 15 gs. In 1830 he again changed owners, being purchased by Robert Ridsdale, Esq. of Murton Hall, near York, for 800 gs. From that period up to the Spring of 1835 Tramp remained at Murton Hall, where he was recently more a private stallion than a public one, being mostly put to the mares of his worthy owner. Early last Spring Tramp was transferred by gift to the possession of Mr. John Newton, Howe Bridge, near Malton, where he during the season served but eight mares, the whole of which are now in foal.

Tramp, in temper, was very vicious, and latterly had become extremely dangerous to approach; added to which, age had deprived him of some of his powers of action, so that it became an act of humanity to put a close to his existence. A grave was consequently dug in the grounds at Howe-bridge Farm; and this celebrated horse was shot by its side, in the month of December 1835, when he fell into his last narrow abode, where the green sod now covers his remains. Thus closed the life of Tramp.

As to his character as a stallion facts will prove more than hours of argument can adduce; and therefore I shall content myself with merely adding the following List of Winners of his get, in which there are two winners of the Derby (St. Giles and Dangerous), one of the Leger (Barefoot), two of the Whip (Zinganee and Red Rover), and numbers of winners of other less though important Stakes.

Tramper—Rosamond	Beggar Boy	Little Red Rover
Dexter	Bay f. out of Trulla	Pedestrian
Bay c. dam by Gabriel	Ballad Singer	Titcher
Marion	Bay f. out of Bess	Gitana
Bay Burton	Slut	Tremaine
Muta	Zinganee	Antony
Bay c. out of Miss Teazle—	Bay f. out of General Mina's dam	Bay gelding out of Rebecca
Hornpipe	Etcetera (first called Baggage)	Br. f. out of Clinkerina
Barefoot	Sally of the Valley	Buskin
Young Tramp	Trample	Dolly Mop
Lottery	Trampoline	Liverpool
Br. colt	Trampiana	Sir John
Tramper, dam by Rening-	Thimbler	Traveller
brough	D vice	Turk
Balmain	Clotilde	Vagrant
Gipsy (Mr. Armitage's)	Lady Sarah	Dr. Frazer
Gipsy (Mr. Foster's)	Bunter	Sarah
Miss Tramp	Ches. f. out of Prue	Doctor Sewell
MacAdam	Cobbler Will	Bedouin
Pirate	Lucy	St. Giles
Swiss Guide	Mendicant	Tarantella
Thales	Tyke	Lady Moore Carew
Theodosia	Camilla	Dangerous
Barelegs	Design	Emigrant
Brother to Barefoot	Charlotte West	Hannah
Mr. Pengander	Coventry	Democracy
Jupiter	Tartarina	Luck's-All
Pedlar	Augustine	Bay f. dam by Orville
Bay c. dam by Remem-	Conservator	Bay f out of Ridotto
brancer	Cupid	Guerdon
Constance	Donegani	Stargazer

The total value of the Stakes won by the above amounted to £67,5011 5*s*.

Ebor, January, 1836. ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

[Old London Sporting Magazine for February.

English Sporting Varieties.

A Tame Pig mistaken for a Wild Boar.

General H——r, who now holds a situation of high military trust, was formerly a captain in a regiment of dragoons, and, like most young officers, had more gallantry than cash. An intrigue with a married lady involved him in the consequences of an action for crim. con. and a verdict against him, with £5,000 damages, when he had not as many shillings, compelled him to quit his country, and take refuge in France. He repaired to Calais, at that time the resort of all the English who found it convenient to reside on the Continent. Lord C. H——n, and several other well-known sporting characters, had their head-quarters at the principal hotel. No sooner was the arrival of Captain H——r announced, than a deputation was sent to invite him. The invitation was immediately accepted, and Lord H. who was well acquainted with the Captain, and knew how passionately fond he was of hunting, promised the company a good joke at his expence. It happened about this time that a report was current of a couple of wolves having made their appearance in the Forest of Guines, and carried off a score of sheep and a shepherd or two. Upon this theme Lord C. H. set to work. He told the Captain that his arrival was fortunate, as he would have an opportunity of enjoying his favorite diversion in perfection. He added that the neighbouring country was almost desolated by a wild boar of most portentous size and appearance, and he proposed a hunting match to take place the next morning. The proposal was received with rapture, and Captain H. prepared himself for the chase. He got his hunter and rifle gun ready, and as he was told, the boar might attempt to run at him, he fortified his limbs with a pair of high boots which reached to his middle. Thus equipped, he was prepared at all points for the dreadful rencounter. In the mean time Lord H. considered, that as the chance of finding a wild boar in the forest of Guines was precarious, it was necessary at least to make sure of a tame one. Accordingly he repaired to a *Marchand de Cochons* in Calais, and purchased one of the largest and best fed boar pigs he could find. Early in the morning he directed his servant to proceed with the boar in a string to the forest of Guines, and stop near the pillar erected to commemorate the fall of Pilatre de Rozier. He instructed him, as soon as he heard the sound of hunting horns, to slip the string, let the pig loose, and conceal himself by climbing a tree, perfectly assured the animal would not wander far. The lad stationed himself as was ordered, and about ten o'clock the gallant Captain, at the head of a numerous cavalcade, advanced to destroy the formidable boar. When the troop neared the designated spot, the horns certified their approach. The hog was slipped, and, happy in regaining his liberty, contented himself with taking his breakfast precisely where he was set free.—The Captain rode boldly on with his rifle ready cocked, and the noise of the party disturbing the harmless repast of the boar, he began snorting and grunting in the customary manner of the swinish race. The Captain soon perceived him; his imagination soon magnified the animal into "a rugged Hyrcanian boar, the tyrant of the woods;" and he conceited himself about to rival one of the labors of Hercules. He let fly and missed—the pig made off *a grand pas*. The Captain followed, loaded, fired, and missed again. The third time he was more fortunate. He hit the poor pig in the neck, and down he dropped. The company gallopping up, the Captain dismounted, and with his sabre, dexterously cut off the animal's head. It was insisted, that as he had achieved the principal honor of the chase, he should carry the boar's head in triumph through the streets of Calais. A large stake was provided, and the head was fixed on the top. The Captain, exulting in his victory, remounted, seized the standard, and resting one end on his foot, displayed the terrific symbol of his prowess. He entered Calais with as much pride as Sir Guy of Warwick, when he carried the head of a dragon to Athelstan at Lincoln. The good people of the town were amazed at such a procession, and the *Marchand de Cochons*, who recognised the head of his old acquaintance, could not refrain from laughter. The sons of Nimrod arrived at their hotel, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner, where the Captain was drank to as the valiant Englishman, who had not been forty-eight hours in Calais, before he had slain the most tremendous boar that ever ravaged any country. The Captain received their praises with becoming modesty, but still he thought within himself he merited ten times greater. After dinner, when the glass had circulated freely, the whole story was developed, and the circumstances of the adventure made manifest. The Captain was at first highly mortified and irritated, but at length he was fain to purchase the secrecy of the company, and avoid being made the talk of the town, by coming down a handsome treat, and entertaining, at his own cost, the whole of the hunting party.

[London Sportsman for January.

SINGULAR HARE HUNTING.—Some time since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horndean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to visit a friend, he observed a hare come into the green road between him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm; when, to his great surprise, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow-red and white stoat, which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the hare, retreated to a holm-bush hard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt for near two hours, during which, he is certain to have seen both hare and stoat at least forty times. They were frequently gone for five or ten minutes; but the hare still unwilling to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes close at her heels. Towards the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the stoat, Mr. C. heard her cry for some time. At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase; on which he went to the spot, where he found the hare quite dead, and the stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach.—The stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. C.'s stick; after which he proceeded, with both hare and stoat, to the house of his friend. [Ib.

THE RIFLE—Some months (nearly twelve) have elapsed since Muc Coonse, the Michigan Chief, astonished the inhabitants of this immense metropolis by his extraordinary skill in the use of the Rifle; but, surprising as his performances might appear, we saw them surpassed, very far surpassed, on Tuesday evening, December 8, at the Pavillion Theatre, where a Signor Givaldi struck an apple six times in succession, (and very centrically too), held by his son at the greatest distance the stage would allow! and this feat he performed without the assistance of a *rest*, a method to which the Indian uniformly resorted. Therefore, taking into consideration the advantage of a *rest*, the performance of the Canadian Chief sinks into nothingness compared with that of the well-whiskered Signor above mentioned. Nor was this all, Givaldi, by way of a finale, we suppose, took from his pocket a common Jew's harp, and drew from it a delicateness as well as a fulness and strength of tone, of which we had hitherto thought it utterly insusceptible. [Ib.

Scott's horses have reached Newmarket, with the exception of the filly out of Rowton's dam and Luck's All, which were left at Doncaster.

AFFECTING FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Professor Raff in his "System of Natural History" relates the following fact, and as the authenticity of that elegant author is unimpeachable, we think it fully entitled to a place in this collection. "A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked and jumped, and seemed to participate his joy. The merchant after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forget it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels. The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink; the animal was too intent upon his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before. 'Mercy!' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the next victim, if I spare him.' With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took an aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but the aim was too sure; the poor animal falls wounded and weltering in his blood, and still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey, which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. 'I am most unfortunate (said he to himself); I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure; it was missing! no bag was to be found! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame: I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he was paid for his fidelity with his life. Instantly he turned his horse, and went off with a full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! his heart was ready to bleed—he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone; the vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments; he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever." Ib.

FOX HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.—The following account of the Sydney Hunt dinner is taken from The Australia (a Sydney newspaper) of the 10th of July:—On Monday last, a meeting of the members of the Sydney Hunt was held at the Royal Hotel, on which occasion an excellent dinner was provided by Mr. Berner, and at a very reasonable price. The gentlemen of the Hunt, including Sir J. Jamison, Mr. Thomson, Major England, &c., &c., sat down at seven, with Col. Snodgrass in the chair, supported by Captain Hunter. After the cloth was removed, and the King's health had been drunk, the Chairman rose, and, with considerable solemnity, proposed the health of the Australian fox, which is by the canaille ignorantly denominated the native dog. The worthy Chairman hereupon took occasion to dive deep into the science of zoology, and, by a course of irrefragable argument, incontestably proved that the animal which, by the natives, was designated by the cognomen of "warrig le," was much more akin to a fox than to a dog: he therefore proposed that every person present should fill an undeniable brimmer, in which to christen the future fox of Australia; and that any member who, after the ensuing morning, should presume to speak of the above animal by any other than the name which had just been given him, should be deemed guilty of the contempt of the laws and regulations of this Club, and liable to be mulct'd in a sum not exceeding half-a-crown. The toast was then drunk with all the honours, one of the members of the Club declaring that he would (such was the respect he entertained for the whole genus) as soon take his hat off to a fox, as to his sacred Majesty King William the Fourth. After the health of Sir J. Jamison, Major England, and Captain Hunter, had been drunk, the latter having been received with peculiar enthusiasm as the father of Australian fox-hunting, the Chairman again rose, and said that he had to propose a toast which, he was sure, would be received with applause by every person round the table—viz., "The health of the hounds;" or, in other words, "Success to the kennel." Here an honourable member interposed, and said, that he wished to give a toast, which, in his opinion, ought to be drunk even before the hounds. "What! before the hounds!" exclaimed the President, with astonishment. "Yes, even before the hounds." "Then it can be nothing else but the fox"—a reply which at once terminated the discussion with a general laugh, and the Chairman's toast was drunk with all due honours.

THE ATHERSTONE HOUNDS.—Thursday week was one of those fine old English field sports which awaken in one's mind all the soul-stirring recollections of that noble pastime—that paragon of British sports—fox-hunting. The Atherstone fox-hounds met at Canwell Gate on that day. It was known to a few in the neighborhood of Lichfield and Tamworth, that the Duke of Wellington was visiting Sir Robert Peel, and was likely to join in the chace. Punctual to the time, Sir Robert Peel's carriage drove up, containing the Duke, Sir Robert, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Granville Somerset, and Mr. Jonathan Peel, who were received with loud cheering. The party of noble fox-hunters mounted their steeds, and the hounds proceeded to draw Middleton Woods. Between two and three hundred horsemen were now anxious to begin the chace, and the hounds having drawn Middleton blank, they immediately found a fox in the New Park, and away he went, with a splendid burst, out of the cover, through Middleton, "over the meadows and over the stream." They then met with a slight check, and, after some hunting, again hit upon him, and drove him back into the copse, when—

"On the sound of the wind was borne
The conquering sound of the hunter's horn"

they ran into him, and killed him in gallant style. Some amusing events occurred during the chace: many who had never seen his Grace were continually asking others whether they had seen the Duke. One gentleman asked the Duke himself whether he had seen his Grace, and whether he rode in scarlet; and another warm admirer of the gallant fox-hunter, whilst rolling in a ditch after a severe fall, exclaimed to his friend, "Have you seen the Duke?" His Grace rode with great boldness, and looked remarkably well: both he and Sir Robert were in at the death. Another fox was immediately unkennelled, which, after a short run of twenty-five minutes, was lost in Woeford Park, where the solicitors of answers to "Where's the Duke?" and "Have you seen the Duke?" were numerous. The meeting will be long remembered in the annals of hunting.

CAPTAIN BRIDGEMAN'S PACK.—This Lilliputian pack had a most unprecedented run at a fox on Friday week. The Captain was standing at his hall-door, enjoying a draught of air fresh from the lake of Rathluba, when he espied a fine fox coming down the hill towards him, coursed by some shepherds' dogs. Immediately, the Captain gave a tally-ho: the hounds were laid on, the horses saddled, and reynard had the whole "posse comitatis" of Rathluba and its vicinity at his heels in a moment. The red rascal, finding he had knowing ones to deal with, and that half measures would not do, ran straight for Shandangan hill, where he topped, couched, and, waiting for his pursuers, gave them a splendid "entapis;" but the little fellows were not to be done: they threw up their heads, and, dropping their sterns, seemed to say, "We showed you what hunting was when we had a bad scent; we will now show you what it is with a good one." Every thing a fox could do to run hounds out of a scent he did, and he then made for the earths at Enagh; but being too hot to go in, traversed and ran through the covers of Belvoir and Ballykelly Wood, and was finally taken alive at Woodfield, after a run of nearly twelve miles, and one of the longest and best that has taken place in the County Clare these ten years.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday last, a foot-race for £10, distance 100 yards, took place on Nottingham race-course, between John Brooksbank, of Nottingham, and John Revill, of Lenton. Brooksbank having won several matches, his friends were very nutty upon him, and backed him at odds. The parties ran abreast the whole of the way, and the referee decided it to be a dead heat. After a short interval, they came again to the scratch, amidst the greatest excitement imaginable in the friends of both. A fair start took place, and a severe race ensued, each keeping alongside the other, until within the last 12 yards, when Revill got a little ahead, and won cleverly by not more than a yard, the distance being run in eleven seconds. A good deal of money changed hands. Brookshank is again matched to run another Lenton cove next week upon our course.

Tom Spring's Anniversary Dinner is fixed for Monday, the 22d inst. A strong muster of the Old School of "right-hearted" Sportsmen may be anticipated. The Chair will be taken by a veteran of long standing in the Sporting world.

An Intriguer in Low Life.—On Saturday an elderly decent-looking man, named Butcher, Mary Ann, his daughter, with an infant in her arms, and Wm. James, a stout young countryman, were brought before the magistrate at Union Hall, London, under the following curious circumstances:—It appeared that Butcher and his daughter came up to town from High Wycomb, for the purpose of looking after a young fellow by whom she had an illegitimate child some time ago. In their rambles about town in quest of the father of the infant, they met James, the other defendant, who being a stout strapping young fellow, walked up from Devonshire to try and obtain employment in "Lunnun." Old Butcher, seeing that James was a countryman, and liking his appearance, went up and spoke to him in the street, and, after some conversation, the trio retired to a public-house, where they quaffed, smoked, and chatted until late at night.—Thence they all proceeded to the Catherine Wheel Inn, in the Borough, where Butcher and his daughter proposed taking up their abode for the night, and as it was then waxing late, the old man invited James to partake of his bed. James accepted the invitation, and they retired to bed, the daughter sleeping in the next room to that occupied by her father and his new acquaintance. When James thought the old man was fast asleep he availed himself of the opportunity, and, stealing out of bed, with nothing but his shirt on, groped his way to Mary Ann's room, and got into bed to her. About two o'clock in the morning old Butcher awoke from his slumber, and finding that his bed-fellow was not by his side, got out instantaneously, and went directly to the adjoining room, where he caught James in bed with his daughter. The old man, irritated beyond measure at the conduct of James, immediately dragged him out of bed, and began to pummel him with a certain utensil, there being no missile of any description in the room to use in lieu of the vessel he had hastily snatched from underneath the bedstead, and the contents of which he emptied over the intriguing culprit before he began to "wollop" him. James roared out most lustily while the old man was "pitching into him," and the daughter, apprehensive that she would be the next victim, of her father's vengeance, called out "murder!" "thieves!" and her cries for help aroused the whole of the inmates of the inn. A number of people quickly collected from the other apartments, and went to the room, when a scene occurred which baffles description. The old man and James, both naked, struggling with one another, were seen in the centre of the room, while the daughter lay extended on the bed, which at the time was divested of clothes, all having having fallen on the floor when her father pulled her *chere amie* out "neck and crop." The picture was heightened by the sudden appearance of the other inmates, who all came rushing from their different dormitories, men and women half naked, and affrighted at the uproar created by the old man chastising the intruder to his daughter's bed. The disturbance was of a serious nature, several panes of glass having been broken in the affray, and the old man still continuing in a dreadful passion, it was considered necessary, for the safety of all parties, to send him and James to the station-house, where they were with difficulty restrained from violence.—On Saturday, when the two defendants were brought before the Magistrates, they seemed to have made up their quarrel, and were discharged upon paying for the windows they had broken, and also making restitution for the utensil wielded by the old man during the affray. Bell's Life in London.

Police.—*A Pig in the Witness Box.*—James Ryan, 24, was indicted for stealing a live pig, value 8s., the property of John Cooper. It appeared from the statement of the prosecutor, a simple-looking countryman, that he went to Blackheath Fair to sell a drove of pigs, and that after some time, some wags unfastened the pen in which they were confined, by which means they effected their escape. A regular hunt then took place, and in the end all the pigs were recaptured with the exception of one, which was a fortnight afterwards found in the possession of a man named Claridge, who pointed out the prisoner as the person from whom he had bought it, on the day after it was lost.—The Common Sergeant asked if the prosecutor could swear to the pig?—Witness: I should think so. His nob and tail were black, and his body was white. He is here, and may speak for himself. The pig was here introduced into the witness-box, and grunted most vociferously, to the infinite amusement of the Jury, and a great number of strangers who were in the gallery. The prosecutor underwent a long cross-examination by Mr. Doane, in the course of which he admitted that the pig was much altered since it was in his possession. The pig evidently wished to be heard, but there was no interpreter in Court. The Jury acquitted the prisoner, and Mr. Doane, who prosecuted, congratulated him on "saving his bacon!"

Ferocity of a Malay.—Being on shore in Uchan, buying white gamecocks, I was strolling about among the crowd of the market place, when one of my men offended a Malay, I know not how. All were armed with that detestable knife, a *creis*, some poisoned, some wormed, and all sharp as a penknife. The first thing I saw was the savage with it already drawn, his arms spread out and stooping forward, glaring round as if determined to strike some one, for the sailor had got away in the crowd; and I and others of my men were at this instant nearest to him. I had nothing but a most insignificant bodkin, (*vide Morning Chronicle*) called a dirk at my side; nor was it even bare, but two of my men had, I believe, got their cold iron out; but at the same moment the Malay, looking still more diabolically, stretched out his own left arm, and chopped at it as a piece of wood. It seemed incredible, a sort of insanity—and so it was, the insanity of rage. He made a wretched gash of course to the bone, but he seemed to exult in it, looking at us and raving like a madman.

Elopement.—Monday morning a gay young fox-hunter, son of a Captain in the army, eloped with the only daughter of a Gallant Colonel, from near Chesterfield. Their flight was discovered by a farm servant, who, on going in the morning to work, observed something white dangling from a bedroom window; this was a pair of sheets knotted together, one end secured to the iron stanchion of the window. The man made known the circumstance to the family, when it was discovered that the young lady was absent without leave. The party started at about two in the morning in a gig, and proceeded at the rate of eighteen miles an hour to Sheffield, whence they dashed along in a chaise at a slashing rate for Gretna, where the blacksmith riveted them firmly in the bonds of Hymen. The circumstance has been a source of great disappointment to several gentlemen of the neighborhood who were paying court to the lady. London Sun.

A Good Index.—A gentleman was wading through the Index of some law reports the other day, and under the "G's" he found "Great mind—Mr. Laing," and knowing that his worship was not possessed of a very large body, he was naturally curious to learn something of the dimensions of his mind, and turning to the page referred to, he found the following, "Mr. Laing said he had a great mind to commit John Thomas for the misdemeanor."

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, hept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

John Richards, Valentine (imported,)
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—Priam is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph B. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltoman, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard;* her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon;* her dam, *Miss West;* by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare;* her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker; Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare;* her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium;* her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.*

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 58sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Atrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l.*, distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles. 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. eech, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1836.——First day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
2. Samuel Laird	"	*Melly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman	"	*Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis	"	*Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
6. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
7. J C. Stevens	"	*Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott	"	*Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms	"	*Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
10. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke	"	*Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

Second day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

First day.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $300 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

Last day.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights, being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, January 26, 1836.

IMPORTED HORSE VICTORY.

THIS valuable high-bred Race-horse is offered for sale on reasonable terms. He is a dark bay, without any white marks; was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1825.—He was got by Waterloo, a stallion in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, a capital performer, and son of the celebrated horse Walton, out of Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, &c. *Victory's* dam, Adeline, was got by Soothsayer, son of Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini. His grandam Elizabeth, by Orville; great-grandam Penny Trumpet, by Trumpeter; great-great-grandam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; great-great-great-grandam Camilla, by Trentham. Victory is a very strong-made horse, of great substance, standing upon short legs, with more bone than is generally to be met with in the race horse, and admirably adapted to cross with high-made mares, at present too prevalent in the Southern States. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with good points and fine action; has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts, (some of which may be seen at the residence of James Bathgate, Esq., West Farms, Westchester county, 12 miles easterly from the city of New-York, near the Boston post-road, where the horse at present is,) in point of size and appearance, are surpassed by none. He has been a good racer: he appeared on the turf 27 times, in competition with some of the best horses in Europe, *winning eleven times*, two of which were King's Plates, with very high weights; *walked over twic*, and *ereceived forfeit once;* in seven of the races in which he was beat, he ran second. More particular information may be had by application to C. R. Colden, Editor of the Sporting Magazine, No. 106 Spring-street, or of the subscriber, No. 17 Sixth-avenue, New-York.

☞ If VICTORY is not sold previous to the commencement of the season, he will stand for mares in the neighborhood where he is at present.

feb 20-tf WILLIAM JACKSON.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.

jan 23 JOHN DREW.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next.

First day, 3 mile heats, ... for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats, ... for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5 . . . . for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash. mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON, N. J.

RACES TO COMMENCE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13th:—

First Day.—A Sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats. $50 entrance, half forfeit; and $50 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race, and to close on the 9th April.

Second Day.—A Sweepstake as above. $25 entrance, and half forfeit. $50 added.

There will also be two purses given on the same days as above. The amount, &c., will be given hereafter. Entries for the above to be addressed to me.

mar. 19. JAMES DAVISON, Secretary.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

IT IS A FACT PERFECTLY ESTABLISHED, by repeated trials, that the WORM and CONDITION POWDERS of James John Waldegrave, Veterinary Surgeon to the late Emperor Napoleon, are an unfailing and complete remedy for Botts and all descriptions of Worms that Horses are liable to. Several remarkable cures have been effected in this city of diseased horses, as certificates from their owners, attached to each package of Powders will testify. Each package is accompanied by a succinct and valuable Treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, with directions for use in all cases. Breeders and Trainers will find these Powders almost invaluable in their stables, from their efficacy in all desperate cases, and also in getting horses into fine condition. Their effect is to thoroughly renovate the system, and to give the horse a fresh healthy appearance, and a smooth glossy skin. These powders only require to be known to be as universally adopted here as in Europe. Price, $1 50 per package, and may be had at wholesale or retail of PATRICK DICKIE,

mar. 19. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard-street, General Agent for New York.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE TURF.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, 23rd of March, at the New York Bazaar, if not sold previous, the full-bred and celebrated race horse SIDNEY, a beautiful bay and fine figure, seven years old this spring, near 15 1-2 hands high, sire by Sir Charles, dam by Thornton's Ratler. Pedigree and performance in full at sale. For particulars inquire of Thompson and Carvin, or R. Dunn, the rider and trainer of said horse, who now leaves him to return to England. R. DUNN,

mar. 19. Union Course, Jamaica, L. I.

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse Constellation, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, Bay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua. and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

mar 12 New-York.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks to the patrons of his *Veterinary Establishment*, for their past and kind favors, and feels extreme pleasure as well as gratitude thus publicly to acknowledge it. It is seldom that he uses the advertising columns of a public journal as a means of applying to the Public for patronage and support, which is ostentatiously practised by many of the present day. But at the suggestion of his friends, that those who do not know him may have the opportunity of doing so, he takes the advantage of the present occasion to inform them, that his Infirmary, No. 36 *City Hall Place*, N. Y., is always open for the reception and cure of diseased horses, where every attention which it is in his power to bestow, will be cheerfully and assiduously given. It would be unnecessary and vain, if after more than 15 years practicei n the United States, and several previous years experience as a Veterinary Surgeon in England, he would say aught in favor of his professional ability. To that portion of the public whom he has had the gratification of serving in that capacity, he appeals to for character and capability in the line of his profession. To those who may do him the favor of calling upon him in the above line, he will be particular in bestowing every attendance and care. Attached to his Infirmary is an extensive Shoeing Establishment, where horses will be carefully shod, on the most regular and approved principles, and under his own immediate superintendance. R. H. BUDD,

Veterinary Surgeon, 36 City Hall Place.

N.B. To be had at the above Establishment, New-York, a Practical Treatise on the "Diseases of the foot of the Horse," by R. H. Budd, Veterinary Surgeon, N. Y. feb 20-1y

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

FILLY FOR SALE.

A BEAUTIFUL FILLY, full sister to James Cropper, (one of the most celebrated horses in Virginia.) two years old the ensuing Spring, of fine size, and good racing form, will be sold for $1 000. Apply to Dr. John Minge, Richmond, Va. mr19

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired Accordions of various sizes, Spanish Guitars of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coco-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the new and fashionable music which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales, &c. &c.* constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science an composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,
feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them; it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

mar. 19.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER, Flute-maker, (recently from London), respectfully invites the attention of the profession and amateurs, to the inspection of his instruments, which are made from the most improved patterns; and, in regard to workmanship, and long seasoned materials, are surpassed by none. Patent heads put in, and repairs done in the shortest possible time. Clarionets, flageolets, &c., &c. Instruments taken in exchange.

feb 27 T. LONGHRST, Musical Instrument Maker, 471 Pearl-st.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

MR. W. LOCKWOOD,

MINIATURE PAINTER, No. 2, COURTLANDT-STREET New-York. eb 27

POCKET BOOKS, WRITING DESKS, &c.

BUSSING & CO., WILLIAM-STREET, CORNER OF LIBERTY, New-York. importers and manufacturers of fine Pocket-Books and Card Cases, Writing and Travelling Desks, Shaving and Dressing Cases, &c., wholesale and retail. feb 20

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Virginia gentleman who desires to know the most economical way of testing the speed of his colts, will be informed as soon as we can arrive at the *facts*, by giving the actual bills of Public Training Stables. We can do no less than take a little pains to gratify him, inasmuch as he has complimented The Spirit of the Times by naming a promising colt "*New Series*."

"N." who writes us from Aldie, Va., will sensibly oblige us by a continuance of his favors.

Has William IV. of England a near relation in New York? Yes. Particulars hereafter.

Has a steam vessel ever sailed from America to England? Yes, the Royal William in 19 days out from Halifax.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.—Single copies of THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, may be had on Saturday, the day of publication, at Mr. MCMAKIN'S *News Rooms*, No. 213, North-Third-street, and also of Mr. EDWARDS, at the *American Coffee House*, Chesnut-street, by whom subscriptions will be received.

FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SONG.—BY F. L. WADDELL.

Come Sportsmen, awake! for the winter is over,
And the ice in the streams has all melted away,—
On the moorland are heard the snipe and the plover,
And the trout in the sunshine are gamboling in play.

Then awake with the sun, each true hearted fellow
Who loves in his soul the bright sports of the field,
And while the gay horn rings out cheerful and mellow,
Away with the hounds for they pleasure will yield.

Come, Sportsmen, arouse! for the snow hath departed,
And blushing in beauty, is smiling the spring,
All nature shines bright,—like a bride is lighthearted,
And hark, to her minstrels how sweetly they sing.

No life like a Sportman's—his days are all pleasure,
With his dog and his gun he contented will roam;
His companion is health, which is life's sweetest treasure,
And the girl of his heart always welcomes him home.

[FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.]

To the Public, and particularly the Lovers of the Turf.

It has frequently been remarked, and always with truth, that man is the creature of circumstances; be his motives or feelings in any affair of excitement or sensation in which he has participated whatever they may, he is too frequently placed in the dilemma of submitting to unmerited censure on the one hand, or of obtruding his case on the public on the other, that truth may prevail and justice be done. I find myself placed in such a predicament at this time, and prefer the latter to the former alternative. What others have *said* and *done* in relation to what is asserted I have *said* and *done* of and concerning the result and circumstances attending the late match between Red Maria and Fanny Kemble, imposes on me the necessity of giving to the public, a plain, but public exposition of all the facts. I do not undertake the task from the vanity of figuring in print, but to put a curb on the unlicensed tongue of slander and abuse. It was enough to have lost my money under the circumstances of the case; but it would be a little worse to stand by silently and see my character filched from me merely to gratify the unjustifiable conduct of others.

The following statement of what occurred on the St. Catherines course at Natchez, on the 30th November last, the day fixed for the race between Red Maria and Fanny Kemble, will, I think, be found to be correct on reference to four fifths of the persons, who were then present. This match race had been previously made for $2,000 aside, between Col. A. L. Bingaman and myself. Mr. Samuel Wakefield was selected by me, and Mr. Nathaniel Hocket by Col. Bingaman, as Judges of the race; they chose Mr. John Routh as umpire Judge. The horses were brought to the stand between 12 and 1 o'clock, Mr. Routh as the umpire Judge was appointed by the other Judges to give the word for starting. Red Maria was restive, and it was soon seen there would be some difficulty in getting her off at fair odds. In attempts made to start, the word "Go," was pronounced as many as six times or more; at last an indication of forward motion being perceived in both animals, the word "Go" was given, and Fanny Kemble was put in action. Mr. Wakefield, who held the flag, finding that Red Maria did not so readily obey the word, cast the flag and said it was no start. At every false motion before this, although the word "Go" had been pronounced, the flag had been thrown in a similar manner—and seeing Fanny Kemble in action at least fifty feet in advance, I asked if it was a "Go?" "Yes," said Mr. Routh to me, "it shall be a Go," and Red Maria was got off at a considerable distance in the rear of her adversary. In going a half mile, Red Maria came up with, and soon passed Fanny Kemble, at which moment and not before, Mr. Routh was heard to exclaim that it was no start. Red Maria ran out the full two miles; was then taken up and brought to the stand. Fanny Kembie was taken up after running the first mile some thirty yards behind her antagonist. When Red Maria was brought to the stand, I inquired of the Judges the result of the heat. The reply by all the Judges was that it "was no start," or "no go." After the usual interval of time for two mile heats, the horses were again called up, and as before, several false movements were made at each of which the flag was cast after the word "Go." Finally at the word "Go," Fanny Kemble put off, leaving Red Maria, restive as usual, which the flag Judge perceiving, again cast it and said "no Go." Fanny Kemble ran the two miles out—Red Maria not having made a jump during the heat. A conference among the Judges next ensued on the question of that heat being a race, and it resulted in a difference of opinion between the two Judges Wakefield and Hockett, the former maintaining that if the flag when thrown on the first heat was to decide it "no Go," against Red Maria, the same rule should work in the last heat: and if on the other hand it was 'a Go,' or start in the last instance it was equally so in the first. I have never heard what were the reasons assigned by Col. Bingaman's Judge for his opinion, OR if he ever assigned any. Upon this difference of opinion between the two Judges, Wakefield and Hockett, Mr. John Routh (who on the first heat had at the start of Fanny Kemble, told me in a severe tone after the flag was thrown, that it should be a Go, and was the first of the Judges to say that it was no race at the moment Red Maria passed Fanny Kemble), was required to decide as umpire Judge. The *pros* and *cons* seemed to be already settled in his mind and he promptly decided that it was a race. Whereupon my stake of two thousand dollars was paid over to Col. Bingaman, who, as in duty bound, pocketed the same.

I can hardly believe that to the experienced Turfite, or to a common sense man of the world, comment on this statement would be necessary, but some there may be who perhaps do not understand the purpose of holding and casting flags. These are used on race courses for two purposes; the first is to ensure a fair start of horses; the second is to ascertain the relative distance of horses as they come in at the conclusion of a heat. It was in reference to the first purpose of their use that they were required on the occasion alluded to. Holding the flag at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, is an indication of a start after the word Go is pronounced. Casting the flag is done by lowering it, and is an indication that the horses have made a false start; these positions, as to the objects and purposes of flags on a race course, I am sure will not be controverted by any one acquainted in the least with the sports of the turf. It only remains for the being to whom God has given the faculty of connecting two ideas together to apply the facts of this case to the principle involved in the use of flags. What I have stated as facts will not be denied by the indifferent and disinterested spectator, present on the occasion; nor will an attempt be made to controvert them by any one who has a proper regard for truth. I do not disguise the fact that I felt injured, and deeply injured by the decision of the Judges; from that judgment there was no appeal, yet I had some confidence in the liberality of my adversary. I confess that I was guilty of the idle folly of proposing to Col. Bingaman to lay the matter before the club;—this he declined, and doubtless from a delicate respect to the decision of the Judges.

In making this statement, seasoned as it is with a few reflections, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I intend no imputation of moral impropriety to the Judges. I have called in question the correctness of their judgment. I have arraigned it, but always on the ground of error, and never of motive—yet it is asserted by some, I have been told, that I have publicly and frequently called the motives of their decision into question, and upon such an unfounded assumption, I have also been given to understand, that Col. Bingaman intends to drive me from the St. Catherine course. Perhaps on some occasion, or on the day of the race itself, when smarting under a keen sense of injury, I may have uttered some intemperate expressions about the error of the decision, but I have uniformly confined myself when speaking of the occurrence, to a mere narrative of the facts as they occurred without any comment or reflection of mine. To all such malicious charges, made as I well knew them to be, in a spirit to authorise an ungenerous and unmanly course towards me, I have simply to say, that I had considered it enough to be injured as I was by the decision of the Judges, without being subjected to the irresponsible machinations of wealth and personal influence.

When the Autocrat of St. Catherines shall make any demonstration of his intended purpose towards me, it will be time enough to look to it; in the mean time, I have to observe that if I am vulnerable or objectionable on the score of character or conduct, I should like to be indulged with specifications. As yet wealth has worked no impunity for any transgressions of mine, and the number and extent of my sins I am willing to face and meet; if thrown on the defensive, I could show up a character or two that might enliven the monotony of a dull hour, while the moral would not be misplaced, nor the fidelity of the portrait mistaken.

JOHN G. PERRY.

St. Catharines, Miss. January 25, 1836.

The four M. P.'s appointed to select a design for the re-construction of the Houses of Parliament, have, it is said, made their decision. The number of candidates who sent in plans was 97. The premium offered for the best design is 1500*l*., and 500*l*. each for the four next best.

An old friend of Franklin has communicated to us the following fact:—"There existed at Malmaison a fine portrait of Napoleon, by Isabey; this portrait, which had belonged to the Empress Josephine, was purchased a few years since by an American, named Sanderson, who made a present of it to General Jackson, and when the late disastrous fire occurred at New York this picture was the only object that was spared, though it adorned one of the public edifices which the fire entirely consumed."

French Paper.

NEW-YORK RACES.

THE GREAT SWEEPSTAKES, mile heats, for three year old colts, entrance $5000 each, half forfeit, will take place over the UNION COURSE, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1836.—SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Wm. R. Johnson names the full brother to Charles Kemble, by Archy, out of Pilot's dam.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. "Dosoris," by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

On TUESDAY, May 3d, will commence the First Spring Meeting of 1836.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday—A match. four mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, made by Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, and Mr. Ro. Tillotson, of New-York.

1. John Heth names br. f. "Margaret Armistead," (formerly called Rebecca Coleman), by imported Apparition, 4 years old.
2. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. "Admiral," by imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs. old.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250, six subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
2. R. F. Stockton names his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
3. Ro. L. Stevens names ch. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
4. Also, names English filly, by Muley, out of Caprice.
5. John C. Stevens names ch. f. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. W. Livingston names ch. c. by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies entrance $300, half forfeit; ten subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. J. H. Wilkes names b. c. by Henry, dam by Ariel.
2. James Bathgate names c. by Barefoot, dam Maid of the Mill.
3. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
4. Charles Green names Manhattan, by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. William Wynn, names ch. f. by Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall names full brother to Alice Grey
8. S. Ringgold. names ch. c. by Medley. dam Cresida by Charles.
9. John C. Craig, names produce by Arietta, dam by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke names gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

SAME DAY—Purse of $300, two mile heats.

THIRD DAY, Thursday—A sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, forfeit $100; nine subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names filly out of Polly Jones.
2. I. S. Snedecor, names gr. f. by Henry, out of Thorne's Eclipse m.
3. G. T. Wilson, names f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. Wm. Jones, names f. by Barefoot, out of Eleanor
5. Jno. C. Stevens, names s. c. by Henry, out of Purity.
6. Alex. L. Botts, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity.
7. B. Seaman, names c. by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
8. Ro. L. Stevens, names "Envoy," by Memnon, out of Zarina.
9. Ro. L. Stevens, names c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

SAME DAY—Purse $500; three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY, Friday—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; four mile heats.

The Match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 Dollars a side, half forfeit, to take place the Second Spring Meeting, has been confirmed. The North to name at the starting post any horse owned and belonging north of Maryland—the South in like manner any south of the Potomac.

ALEX. L. BOTTS,
DAVID H. BRANCH.

March 26, 1836.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Washington Course, D. C.

1. A SWEEPSTAKES to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $1000—forfeit $250. Ten subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of Jas. C. Gittings and himself.
2. Maj. A. J. Donelson enters b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters imported c. Longford, out of Peri by Starch.
4. Doct. A. H. Tyson enters gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alikroker.
5. Col. John Heth enters the full sister to Trifle.
6. Col. Wm. Wynn enters ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. Wm. H. Minge. (Mr. Minge's entry has been mislaid.)
8. Robt. B. Corbin enters br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Nullifier's dam.
9. Wm. R. Johnson enters gr. c. by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts enter full sister to Juliana.

2. A sweepstake to be run spring meeting 1836, for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, subscription $200, forfeit $50. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Charles Oliver enters b. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. Geo. P. Tayloe enters br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford & Brooks enter ———, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sussex, out of Brunette (sister to Gohanna).
5. Col. F. Thompson enters c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Ninon D'Enclos.
6. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters c. Bergen.

3. A Sweepstakes to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year olp colts and fillies, mile heats, bred in Maryland or the District of Columbia, and within fifty miles of the district.—Subscription $200, forfeit $50. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. Thos. J. Godman's entry is dead.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. enters ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
3. Wm. D. Bowie enters Charles Magie.
4. Saml. Sprigg enters b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey enters b. c. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Col. F. Thompson enters ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Club Foot.

4. A produce stakes to be run spring meeting, 1838, for three year olds, mile heats. Subscription $300, forfeit $100. Eleven subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Aurora, by imp. Autocrat.
2. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe enters the produce of Black Sal, by imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver enters the produce of Flora, by O'Kelly.
4. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall enters the produce of Thistle, by Sussex.
6. John H. Sothoron enters the produce of Maid of Patuxent, by Tychicus.
7. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Lady Badger, by Monsieur Tonson.
8. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of imp. Isabella, by imp. Barefoot.
9. Jno. M. Botts enters the full sister to Tobacconist.
10. Gen. A. Hunter enters the produce of the dam of The Captain.
11. A. H. Tyson enters b. f. the produce of ch. m. by American Eclipse and Luzborough.

5. A produce stakes for three year olds, to be run spring meeting, 1839, mile heats. Subscription $1000, forfeit $200. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Miss Chance, by Chateau Margaux.
2. Col. W. L. White enters the produce of the dam of Moscow and Sir Philip, by Goliah.
3. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by imp. Tranby.
4. Capt. Y. N. Oliver enters the produce of Flirtilla, Jr. by American Eclipse.
5. Thomas Watson enters the produce of Tuberose, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Bowie enters the produce of Agility, by Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of Eliza Riley.
8. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of the dam of Mazeppa.
9. Messrs. Gilmor and Tyson enter the produce of Sally Walker, by imp. Tranby.
10. John M. Botts enters the produce of Mischief, by Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare enters the produce of Miss Waxy, by Monsieur Tonson.
12. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Flirtilla, by Chateau Margaux.
13. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. M'Clanahan enters the produce of the dam of Donna Maria, by Monsieur Tonson.
15. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Screamer, by imp. Tranby.
16. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Nancy Dawson, by Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig enters the produce of Reality, by Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin enters the produce of Betsey Haxall, by American Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Madam Lavalette, by American Eclipse.
20. Philip Wallis enters the produce of Lubly Rosa and imp. Tranby. mar. 19.

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

THE services of this fine animal are again offered at his old stand to the breeders of blood stock, and to the patronage of every liberal gentleman, of whatever donomination he may be, as one among the greatest, purest bred, and best stock horses, either for the turf or other purposes, of the present day; a noble specimen of the thorough bred American race horse.

His prices will continue as heretofore, (to wit:) $50 by the season for each mare; $100 to insure, and $1 cash to the groom for each mare. Mares sent to stay with the horse will be fed agreeably to order and carefully attended. My custom is, when fed with grain, to charge $1 per week, which money will be expected when the mare is taken away. Every necessary care will be taken to prevent casualties of every kind, but no liability should any happen.—The season of this horse has commenced and will continue open until the 25th day of December next, in order to give every breeder a fair opportunity of suiting his own convenience.

Pacific, on his part, promises, if Gentlemen will supply him with good materials, to continue to furnish them with first rate race horses; and here permit him to address a few words to the owners of imported mares, that he feels confident in his competency, if they will send them to him, to return them in foal with a Flying Childers, a Partner, [Crofts,] a King Herod, an Eclipse and Highflyer, at any rate he will exert himself to do so, and his reasons are cogent for this belief, because their blood flows more profusely in his veins and his connexion is nearer to them, than in any foreign stock of the present day; hence the great probability is, by making this cross it might bring us to their day which as turf horses, never have yet been equalled, and what has been may again happen in such matters, and he can devise no plan more likely to affect this desirable object than the one he has now suggested.

Feb. 1836. DUKE W. SUMNER.

PEDIGREE.—I do certify that I bred and raised the above named horse Pacific, he was foaled in the syring of 1822, was got by the celebrated horse Sir Archie, and is full brother to Bertrand [also raised by me] his dam Eliza, is full sister to the noted running horse old Gallatin, by the imported Bedford, and came out of the imported mare Mambrina, which mare was got by Mambrino in England. Bedford was got by Dungannon, the best son of Eclipse. Dungannon's dam was Aspasia, by King Herod, his grandam Doris by Blank, g. grandam Helen, by Spectator, g. g. grandam Daphne by the Godolphin Arabian—[See Stud Book 1 vol. p. 5.] Bedford's dam was Fairy, by Highflyer, out of Fairy Queen by Young Cade, he by old Cade, and he by the Godolphin Arabian—Stud Book 1 vol. p. 274. Mambrino was got by Engineer, Sampson, Blaze, Flying Childers by Darley's Arabian—[Stud Book 1 v. pp. 32, 422, 430, 49, 419 and 444.] Mambrina's dam was by Blank, and Mambrino's dam by Cade, both sons of the Godolphin Arabian. Engineer's dam was by young Greyhound, Curwen Bay Barb, Sampson's dam was by Hip; Spark, son of Honeycomb Punch, Snake, Ld. d'Arcy's Queen. The dam of Blaze was the Confederate filly by Grey Grantham, D. of Rutland's Black Barb, Bright's Roan. The dam of Flying Childers was Betty Leeds, by Careless, sister to Leeds, by Leeds Arabian, Spanker, Barb Mare, which was Spanker's dam.

Fulton, S. Carolina, Aug. 20, 1828. JOHN R. SPANN.

I wish any gentleman to trace all the crosses out, when they will be found equally good; if any other two horses can show an authentic pedigree, as rich in all its parts as this, at the present day, I should like to see it; yet I do not pretend to insinuate, but what other horses, very many of which are thorough bred—but there was a day in England, when they got their race horses nearer perfection, than at any former or subsequent period—and to the race horses of that day, such as above named, I claim for Bertrand and Pacific, without fear of contradiction, a nearer connection than in any other living animals of the present day; American Eclipse, Crusader and their full brothers excepted, which perhaps may be as near. Now I should like to see any plausible reason assigned, why these horses would not be more likely to improve the stock from English mares than crossing in and in with their own horses, for nearly all the importations for the last fifty years, have been the immediate descendants from Eclipse on the sire and dam; hence the great advantage derived from imported Citizen over the Eclipse stock; and although Pacific has one cross of Eclipse through Bedford, his other crosses are entirely different and equally good.

DUKE W. SUMNER.

Spring Grove, near Nashville, Tennessee. mar. 19

THE IMPORTED HORSE RICHARD,

WILL MAKE HIS APPEARANCE THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J., at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Lafayette Course, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th. First day, match 4 mile heats, $17,000 to $15,000, between Argyle and the choice of John Bascomb, Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, or Bolivia.
BELFIELD, Va.	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
DAVISON'S COURSE,	Near Trenton, N. J., Wednesday, 13th April.
JEFFERSON Co. Va.	Wednesday, —th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.	Third Tuesday in April, 19th.
MACON, Ga.	Jockey Club, Monday, 21st March.
MOBILE, Ala.	Wednesday, 20th April.
MEMPHIS, Tenn.	First Wednesday, 6th April.
NEW IBERIA La.	Thursday, 21st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	March 10th, Match, mile heats, $1000 a-side, Pharsalia Course.
" "	April 30th, Match four-mile heats, $5000 a-side. " "
" "	Dec. 1st Match, 4-mile heats, $5000 a-side. " "
NEWMARKET, Va.	First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
NEW-YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 3d.
" "	Monday April 25th. Great Sweepstakes, $15,000.
PLAQUEMINE, La.	First Meeting, 3d Wednesday in March.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	First Spring Meeting Wednesday, March 23d.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
" "	Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

MR. WILLIAM SEFTON begs to announce that his Benefit will take place on Monday next. March 28th, when will be presented the successful Drama of the GOLDEN FARMER being the 50th and last time. The interior of the Theatre will be brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps. After which, a dramatic anecdote entitled, CHRISTINE OF SWEDEN, with a variety of other entertainments as will be announced in subsequent advertisements. mar 26

MR. AND MRS. WOOD

TAKE LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE to their Friends and the Public of New York, that they will have the honor of giving a VOCAL CONCERT, on Wednesday next, March 30th, 1836, at Chatham Street Chapel, when they will be assisted by Mr. C. E. HORN and Mr. BROUGH.

Tickets. $1 each, to be had at the following Music Stores: De Bois & Stoddart, Atwill's and Hewitt's, Broadway, and of Firth & Hall, Franklin Square. mar 26

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature and the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott.	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood. }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines.	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion.	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.